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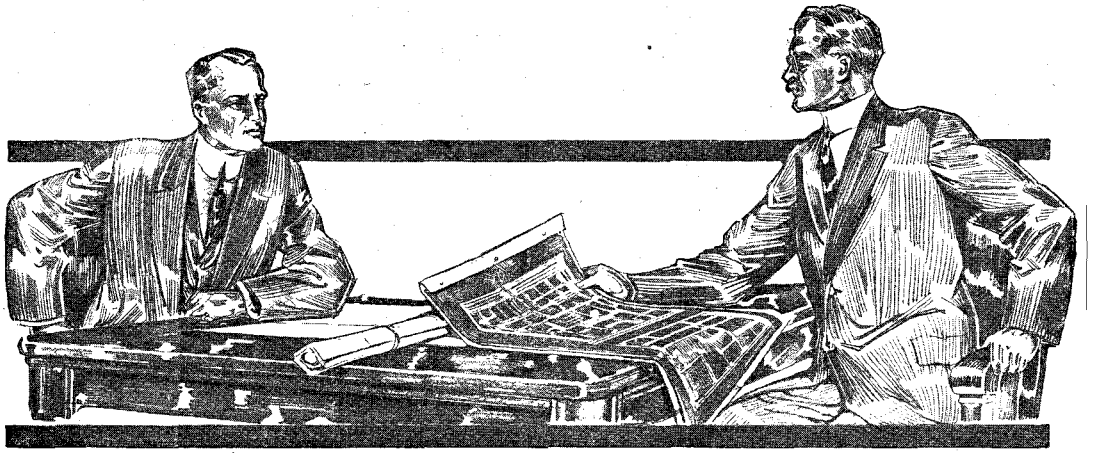

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The Outlook

SEPTEMBER 18, 1909

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PEARY REACHES THE POLE

Just five days after the report had thrilled the world that Dr. Frederick Cook had reached the North Pole, another message came from the North: "I have the Pole, April 6. Peary." The message more than doubled the already world-wide interest, and before many hours had passed laid the foundation for as pretty (and as bitter) a controversy as the world has seen for many a year. Commander Peary's announcement came to Dr. Cook while he was seated at a dinner in Copenhagen, with a garland of pink roses about his neck, according to the Scandinavian custom of honoring heroes. No mention of the rival announcement was made until the dinner was over, but then the explorer said simply, and with a smile, "I am glad." The whole world was glad as well, for Peary's achievement was the deserved climax of nearly a quarter of a century of arctic exploration. Dr. Cook accepted Commander Peary's statement without reserve, and so did the rest of the world. The message came from Indian Harbor, on the Labrador, the first point connected by wireless with civilization to be reached by the explorer on his trip from Greenland on the steamer Roosevelt. A complete, though necessarily brief, account of his momentous journey was cabled from Battle Harbor, Labrador, a few days later, and published in the New York Times of Friday and Saturday of last week. This account we reprint on another page by special arrangement with the Times. The Peary expedition left New York in July, 1908, and reached Etah, the last inhabited point in Greenland, on August 8. It went into winter quarters at Cape Sheridan, Grant Land, on September 5. The dash for the Pole began on February 15, 1909, with the expedition divided into six divisions, which started on successive days. One by one the supporting divisions returned to the base, and the main party reached the Pole on April 6. The return began the next day and the Roosevelt was reached twenty days later. On July 18 the Roosevelt left Cape Sheridan, reaching Indian Harbor, the first outpost of civilization, on September 6. The expedition was marred by a single tragedy. Professor Ross G. Marvin, of Cornell, in command of the third supporting party, was drowned on April 10, forty-five miles north of Cape Columbia. Commander Peary's accomplishment is not only, as we have said, the crowning result of over twenty years of arctic exploration; it is peculiarly a personal triumph. For Commander Peary was, if not the inventor, at least the first systematically and persistently to avail himself of the methods by which he was finally successful. These methods consisted in gaining the most complete acquaintance with the Eskimos, living with them through the winter, and using them, with their dogs and sledges, as companions and assistants on the strenuous journey to the North. His achievement entitles him to the most complete credit and the highest praise, and not less so if it shall be shown that another reached the Pole a year before he did.

THE POLAR CONTROVERSY

Almost from the first, as we said last week, there were those who doubted that Dr. Cook had really reached the Pole. A message from Peary on Wednesday let slip a host of hostile critics and unconvinced skeptics. It read: "Cook's story should not be taken too seriously. The Eskimos who accompanied him say that he went no distance north. He did not get out of sight of land. Other men of the tribe corroborate their statements." This was a direct charge of fraud and

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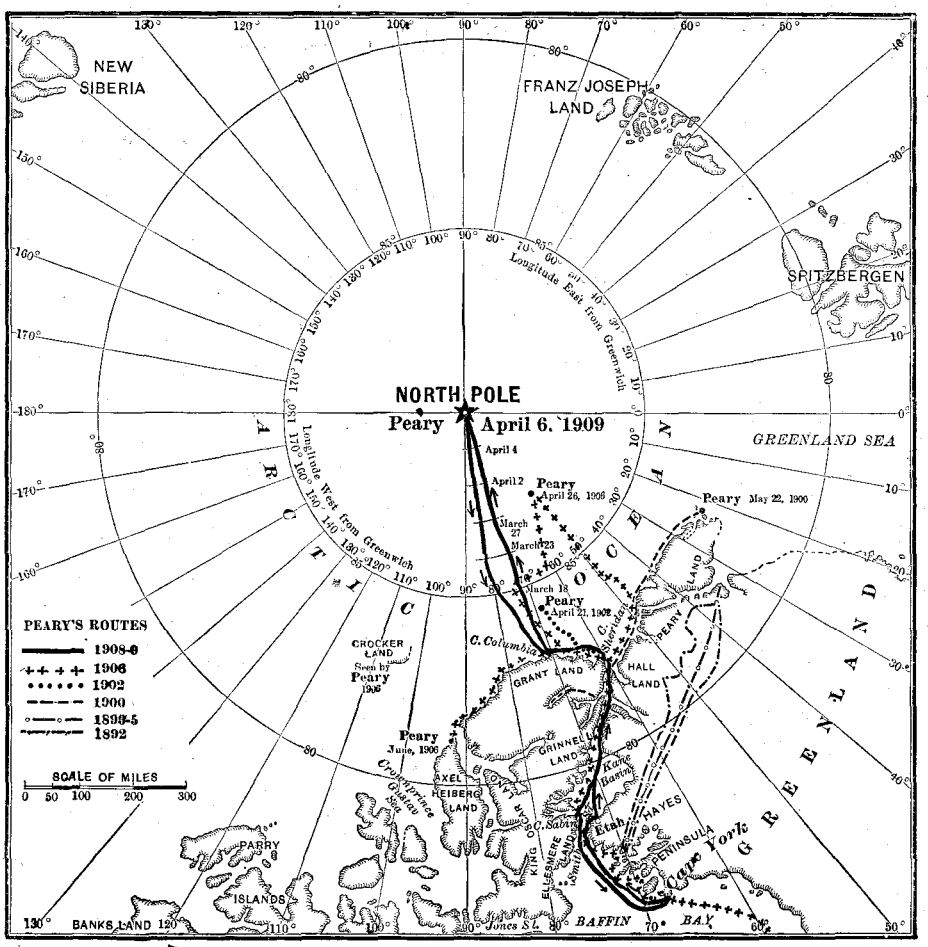

COMMANDER PEARY'S ROUTE TO THE NORTH POLE

imposture, and it affected those who read it in different ways. It doubtless pleased those admirers of Commander Peary who had coveted for him the honor which he had so long sought and who rejoiced in anything that indicated that the honor was really his; it aroused to defense and championship the friends of Dr. Cook who believed his story and believed him entitled to the honor. It unquestionably grieved many who could have wished that, whatever evidence he might have of Dr. Cook's untrustworthiness, Commander Peary had not chosen just the way to attack his story. It had the very prompt effect of dividing the world into two camps, the Cookites and the Pearyites. Other accusations against Dr. Cook, aside from the bald assertion of Commander Peary, were immediately made. The story of his ascent of Mount McKinley, in Alaska, was recalled, and it was again asserted that he had never accomplished the feat there which he had claimed. It was asserted that he had violated not only the ethics which govern explorers and scientists, but the principles of mutual consideration which generally prevail in civilized society, in making his attempt upon the Pole by the route and the methods which Commander Peary had already announced as his own, and with the assistance of the Eskimos and dogs upon which Commander Peary was relying. It was claimed also that he had taken for his use provisions which his former chief had stored up for his own use in Greenland. To the charges against him Dr. Cook has replied: "I honestly believe I have found the North Pole, and I am willing to submit

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all my evidence to competent scientists, astronomers, and explorers, awaiting with calm and clear conscience their verdict and that of the world." He has announced that he is organizing an expedition to go to the North under command of the arctic explorer Captain Otto Sverdrup, and bring to this country the two Eskimos who accompanied him on his expedition. He believes that they will confirm every word of his story. The world will await with interest the further specifications with which Commander Peary, on reaching civilization, substantiates his charge; and with even greater interest the verdict of the scientists to whom Dr. Cook will, we hope, with the greatest promptness, submit the proofs of his achievement. It seems to us unfortunate that Dr. Cook has not already taken steps to submit his data to a competent body of scientific standing, or to make it clear to the public why he has been unable or unwilling to do so. Immediately upon his arrival in Copenhagen Dr. Cook was received and entertained with the greatest enthusiasm and the most extravagant expressions of admiration and regard. Even after the receipt of Commander Peary's accusing telegram this enthusiasm was hardly abated. Two days after this message reached the world the honorary degree of Doctor of Science was conferred upon him by the University of Copenhagen in the presence of the Crown Prince of Denmark and more than a thousand persons. Dr. Cook sailed for this country last Saturday, and will probably reach New York by September 20, while Commander Peary may perhaps reach that city before this paper reaches our readers. With both explorers in this country, the controversy will doubtless be waged with sanguinary severity. There is only one bright spot in the storm-clouded sky of the situation—whatever the outcome, the victor in the controversy will be an American.

A TRAGEDY IN THE AIR

For the second time within a year the progress of aerial flight has been marred by a tragedy. Almost exactly twelve months ago Orville Wright was flying at Fort Myer with Lieutenant Selfridge, of the United States army, as a passenger, when the propeller broke and the aeroplane was dashed to the ground. Mr. Wright's thigh was broken and Lieutenant Selfridge was killed. On Tuesday of last week M. Lefebvre, a young French aviator, was killed at Juvisy, France, in a similar accident. M. Lefebvre was testing a new Wright machine for the French company which acts as selling agents for those machines in France, when it suddenly dived to earth at a terrific pace. He had been in the air for only two minutes and was flying not over ten yards above the ground. It is thought that the rudder broke; but the aeroplane was so thoroughly wrecked that it is probable that the real cause of the accident will never be certainly determined. M. Lefebvre had done well at Rheims the week before, although he had not won any of the most important prizes. He was fourth in the speed race, fourth in the race for the International Cup, and second in the passenger race. During the meet, however, he gave a most interesting exhibition of fearless and ingenious flying, and of perfect control over his machine. This feat was described by a correspondent in The Outlook in these words: "The dare-devil Lefebvre began on his Wright machine a series of the most complicated maneuvers, that no one can understand who hasn't seen one of these things. He took the thousand feet by five hundred in front of the tribunes, and turned it into a geometrical problem. He made figures of eight in that area, up and down sometimes twenty feet or fifty feet, sometimes skimming the earth, and ended by coming down neatly just in front of the grand stand." Flight in heavier-than-air machines has killed three men—the two young experimenters within the past year, and thirteen years ago Herr Otto Lilienthal, whose experiments with gliding machines, without an engine, prepared for later experimenters a valuable foundation of knowledge of the properties and action of the air. Meanwhile flight goes on. In England, Captain F. S. Cody, an American aerialist in the service of the British army, flew, in an aeroplane of his own construction, for an hour over the country about Aldershot. He maneuvered at will over the valleys about the military post, circling the spire of the village church, and at times rising to a height of four hundred feet. His ma-

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chine was under absolute control, and he came down only when his fuel was exhausted. At Berlin, Mr. Orville Wright made a number of flights before immense crowds, including the Crown Prince and Princess. On one of his flights he had as passenger Frau von Hildebrand, the wife of a German army officer. The same day, at Friedrichshafen, Count Zeppelin took the King of Saxony for an hour's run in his big dirigible. The trip is described as uneventful, and his Majesty as delighted—probably for that excellent reason. At Brescia, Italy, an aeronautic meet began last week, and in the first day's contests the American aviator Glenn H. Curtiss showed promise of giving a good account of himself once more before the meet was over. Aeroplane flights and contests are to be a part of the Hudson-Fulton celebration in New York the last week of this month. Orville Wright and Glenn Curtiss are to be among the contestants. The Government, through Major-General Wood, has given the aerialists the use of the newly built additions to Governor's Island, nearly a hundred acres in extent, as a practice ground. This will be the first opportunity in this country to see aeroplanes in competition.

A MASTER OF RAILWAYS

It has been estimated that Edward H. Harriman, who died at his wonderfully beautiful country home, Arden House, on Thursday of last week, controlled or exercised strong financial influence over railways whose total value of stocks and bonds amounts to over three thousand million dollars. That he was a man of real constructive genius as well as a financier of adroitness and audacity is beyond dispute; to him more than to any other American might reasonably be applied the much-abused phrase, "a railway king." A few months ago, a well-known writer on railway topics, Mr. Frank H. Spearman, under the title "Building Up a Great Railway System," told in The Outlook the marvelous work of Mr. Harriman as a practical railway man. It need not be added that some of Mr. Harriman's financial methods have received severe and deserved censure from those who believe that in a large measure railways are public highways and should be conducted for other purposes than private gain. On another page of this number The Outlook comments editorially on Mr. Harriman's work and character. Generally, it may be said that, while he is quoted as saying, "I believe in regulation and publicity," he also believed in limitless combination and the ruthless injury of other interests when he thought it necessary to accomplish his ends, so that it is easy to believe his alleged assertion, "I would control all the railways in the United States if I could get them." Mr. Harriman started life as a poor Wall Street clerk, the son of an Episcopal clergyman, in whose rectory he was born sixty-one years ago. When he started in business as a stock broker, his shrewdness was shown by his refusal to take a junior partnership in any firm because he knew that as a free lance, even in a small way, his opportunities would be greater. His entrance into railway financing was just about twenty-five years ago, when he was put on the Illinois Central Board of Directors through the influence of Mr. Stuyvesant Fish, with whom, three years ago, Mr. Harriman quarreled and broke financial relations. The first great Harriman railway conquest was the acquisition, through a syndicate managed largely by Messrs. Kuhn, Loeb & Co., of the Union Pacific Railway. This system was in a very poor condition, physically and financially, and was sold to the syndicate by the United States Government at an auction brought on by the failure of the company to pay its mortgage obligations to the Government. The price was about sixty million dollars, besides certain payments to bond-holders. But the syndicate, after reorganization, put out over two hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of stock and bonds. Whatever "water" may have been in this enormous issue at the time, it is a fact that the common stock is now worth nearly double par. From that time on the Union Pacific system has been enormously extended by purchase and construction; the Southern Pacific (much larger than the original Union Pacific), the Central Pacific, the Oregon Short Line, and smaller companies were not only absorbed, but largely

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improved and reconstructed. The famous Cut Off across Salt Lake, whereby many miles of distance were saved by building 535 miles of railway on piles at a cost of eight million dollars, is only one instance of the boldness with which actual railway building was pushed on under Mr. Harriman's ceaseless energy. We find an interesting story illustrating this tremendous activity of mind told of Mr. Harriman in an article in the New York Sun: It is, in brief, that when, six years ago or so, his doctors sent him abroad for health on a long automobile trip, his party filled several motor cars, which drove in a sort of procession day by day; looking at them, he fell to wondering whether the principles of the automobile would not allow such a procession of independently run cars on the line of a steam railway, with the result that the minute he got back he started the idea into definite shape, and self-propelling cars were put in operation on branch lines for which the traffic is light.

HISTORIC RAILWAY BATTLES

In the later history of Mr. Harriman's deals, two matters have been of prime importance—the attempt to get away the control of the Northern Pacific from Mr. James J. Hill and the Chicago and Alton transaction. The former precipitated the most sensational battle ever known in the stock market, when Northern Pacific stock went to 1,000 and fortunes were made and lost overnight. The fight between the Harriman and Hill interests at that time was a decisive victory for neither side; and the result was the combination known as the Northern Securities Company, which was declared illegal by the courts. In the end, Mr. Harriman retired from that form of the fight with the Hill interest by selling Great Northern and Northern Pacific stocks at an enormous profit and reinvesting in other securities, to the great benefit of the Union Pacific. The Chicago and Alton deal included the purchase of securities of that road for about forty million dollars and the conversion through a syndicate of thirty million dollars' worth of stocks and bonds into ninety-four million dollars' worth of new securities. It was charged not only that this was a breach of trust as regards the holders of the old securities, but that Mr. Harriman and other members of the syndicate profited individually. An attempt to elicit the facts as to this last failed because of Mr. Harriman's flat refusal to answer questions at a hearing of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, in which position he was sustained by the courts. Finally, Mr. Harriman still further expanded Union Pacific values by acquiring control of Illinois Central stock and ousting Mr. Stuyvesant Fish from its presidency. It is obvious that the enormous increase in value in Union Pacific has been due partly to a genius for railway management and the grasping of open commercial opportunities, and partly to stock manipulation and deals of startling and doubtful character. How far one railway may go in using its own securities as collateral in the purchase and control of other roads, and even as "margin" for stock manipulation, is a question which is still to be dealt with finally by the law and the judges. That the day after Mr. Harriman's death Union Pacific stock advanced 12½ points is not so singular as it seems; the meaning is simply that the market had already "overdiscounted" the expected event. Personally, Mr. Harriman was a man who inspired confidence in his financial lieutenants, and his command of details has never been equaled. No one knows the extent of his wealth, and the estimates, which range from two hundred to five hundred million dollars, are totally without authority. He had many warm friends, a delightful family life, and, apart from the ethics of his financial operations, his character was never attacked. There has been much evidence during his recent illness that he was kind and considerate to the men and women who worked closely about him, that he took a friendly interest especially in old people who had served him long, and that among the employees and servants who came in close touch with him the grief over his death is genuine. He was not given to ostentatious charity, but his continuous personal interest in the boys' home and club established at his cost on the East Side of New York and his promptness at the time of the San Francisco earthquake in

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ordering his California railways to carry all refugees free are incidents showing that he had heart as well as brain. We have seen no more exact estimate of his abilities than that from a personal friend and railway associate, Colonel E. L. Russell, who says:

Mr. Harriman was a great genius. If he excelled in any one talent it was the talent of co-operation. He conceived gigantic plans, then proceeded to acquire the control of great forces, and brought them together with the same rapidity with which the thunderbolt collects the rain-clouds. He so arranged these forces that each held relative position to the others. This produced a harmonious co-operation which resulted in accomplishing possibilities that startled the world. Another faculty Mr. Harriman possessed in the highest degree was selecting able lieutenants and then giving them his confidence and authority to carry into effect his wisely conceived plans.

THE END OF A GREAT STRIKE

It is perfectly clear that had the officials of the Pressed Steel Car Company, at McKees Rocks, been willing to meet their workingmen at the beginning of the strike with the concessions they made at the end, there would have been no serious difficulty, and the bloodshed and disorder, not to speak of loss of time and money on both sides, might thus easily have been avoided. After announcing that there was nothing to arbitrate, and that under no circumstances would the Company take back the men who had left their jobs, the Company have now done these very things. It is true that the demand of the men for an actual increase in wages has not been granted, but the prospect of that is held out for the future, while the main point insisted upon by the men has been conceded. This is, as has been stated in The Outlook, that the system of pooling wages, upheld by the Company contrary to their original individual agreement with the men, should be done away with. The result of the system was to give the men both in hours and money much less advantageous conditions than they had been led to expect, and to make it impossible for them to know just what their pay would be. How much the concession of the Company is due to the public opinion which has resented the Company's assertion that the public had no concern with this industrial civil war, and how much it has been due to the facts brought out by investigation as to the way in which these workmen were obtained from abroad and the way in which the strike-breakers were treated when they were held within the works, it is not possible definitely to say. In an interview with the United States District Attorney, Mr. John H. Jordan, he stated that he found that the strike-breakers engaged by employment agencies for the Company were obtained under false representations, and specifically that they were told that no strike was going on. Mr. Jordan says that the agencies in New York through which these men were hired violated the law in not providing the men engaged with contracts, each in the language of the man hired, and that closer Federal supervision of the agencies is most desirable. The newspaper accounts of the treatment of some of the strike-breakers are almost incredible, and if half that is alleged to have been placed before Mr. Hoagland, the special agent of the United States Department of Justice, is true, it is no wonder that the Company hastened to bring the strike to a conclusion. The statements sent out from Pittsburgh aver that the strike-breakers who were released claimed that one man who tried to leave the premises was beaten so that his life was endangered, that the food furnished them was intolerable, and that many were made absolutely ill by it, and that guards frequently threatened the strike-breakers with pistols if they refused absolute obedience to orders. It is to be urged in the cause of industrial labor and peace that the United States Bureau of Labor and Commerce make a thorough study of the history of this strike, which lasted nearly two months, by which at least ten lives have been sacrificed, and through which probably a million dollars were lost, either by the destruction of property or by cessation of work.

A NEW COLOR LINE

Of keen interest to us is the recent struggle in the British Parliament with a race problem closely like our own. Its conclusion in fixing, at least for the present, a disqualification for high office upon the colored races was secured only by the united

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efforts of the leaders of the two great parties, Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour. The question turned on the approval of a clause in the Constitution drawn up by the four colonies proposing to favor the union of South Africa, which restricts the office of Senator to "British subjects of European descent," a restriction barring the native races of both Africa and India. There was intense and unanimously expressed dislike to this, the first drawing of a prohibitive "color bar" within the British Empire. It was asked with indignation whether the Imperial Parliament was thus to go back on its cherished traditions. Nevertheless, the bill passed its third reading in Committee without a division. The decisive argument was not unlike that which induced the framers of our own Constitution to concede to the far Southern States the free importation of slaves till 1808. The proposed union of the four African States so lately separated by apparently irremediable antagonisms must not, it was argued, be imperiled by now retracting the free hand that had been given them to become a unit of the Empire on their own terms. There had already been a great advance in their humane treatment of the natives. To attempt to force immediate abolition of the "color bar" would provoke a disastrous reaction and wreck the newly accomplished union. In the present crisis the people of United South Africa must be trusted to work out their own social problems in the consciousness that their prosperity must depend on due provision for the progress and entertainment of their colored population. Mr. Asquith pointed to the fact that the proposed Constitution itself was a compromise, inasmuch as it gives the twenty thousand colored voters in Cape Colony, together with those in Natal, a voice, so far, in the affairs of South Africa as a whole—a fact analogous to that of the large negro vote in certain of our Northern States. In this case of relinquishment by the Imperial Parliament—not, indeed, without murmurs of indignation—of its ancient right to revise colonial decisions one may see fresh evidence of the progress which British colonies are making from the status of dependencies to that of partner nations.

A REFERENDUM IN ENGLAND

In the House of Commons, wrote a correspondent of The Outlook from London, when Mr. Lloyd-George's Budget was nearly at the end of its long-drawn-out stage in Committee, the Budget was the dominating measure from April to September. In the Parliamentary constituencies and in the newspaper press it held attention in a way that can be compared only to the three bills which were submitted to Parliament in 1830–32, before William IV finally gave his sanction to the great Reform Act. England has nothing in her easily worked and adaptable constitutional machinery which quite corresponds to the referendum. Yet there was, in fact, a referendum on this great financial measure of 1909. Every member of the Asquith Ministry who is in the House of Commons took to the platform to help the country to understand the land clauses which embody the new taxation that is to be imposed on unearned increment accruing from land in the great centers of population; to understand the working of the system which sets up new taxation on the monopoly value of liquor licenses, and the super tax on incomes of over five thousand pounds a year, and the incidence of the increased taxes on tobacco and whisky. Members of the rank and file of the Government party in the House of Commons followed the precedent set by Cabinet Ministers, and the Conservatives had necessarily to go into the constituencies or to use the newspapers to explain the grounds for their opposition at Westminster to the financial proposals of the Government. From April to September more was thus done for the direct political education of the people than in any year since members of Parliament had to woo the constituencies; and not since the House of Commons began to levy taxation were the common people so well informed as to why a particular tax was levied or the possible alternatives to it. England at this juncture needs £16,000,000 sterling to meet the expense of building and maintaining Dreadnoughts and providing money for old-age pensions. To-day there can scarcely be a man in the remotest corner of England who does not know that this new revenue is needed and how it is to be raised.

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THE OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA

Meetings by the hundred were held from the time the Budget was introduced. The long summer evenings lent themselves to open-air propaganda, and not since the Labor party, seven or eight years ago, popularized this cheap form of political education were there so many meetings in the market squares, at the street corners, on village greens, and at the cross roads. Both parties used this method of propaganda. But the Conservative leaders and party organizers in London were unfortunate in their tactics. They centered their whole attack on the land clauses, and the inevitable consequence was that they could not keep the dukes, the earls, and the territorial aristocracy of lower ranks in hand. The dukes and earls took the platform with an alacrity and a freedom hitherto unknown in the political annals of the feudal aristocracy. The burden of their speeches was always the same—the hardship of living on incomes, often counted by the tens of thousands of pounds, if they must pay the new taxes. They piped this tune incessantly. But the English people would not dance. Little sympathy was evoked from the middle and working classes. There were four by-elections in July. All were fought on the Budget proposals. All went in favor of the Government. After the last of them—that in the Peak Division of Derbyshire—the Times, the Daily Mail, and the Morning Post, all supporters of the Opposition, intimated that the game was up, and that it was useless for the Conservatives to continue the fight on the land clauses. The fight by this time was practically over; for both parties realized that in view of the campaign of education which had been going on since April—with the by-elections in July—there was not the least likelihood that the Marquis of Lansdowne, the leader of the Conservative peers, would indorse any movement for halting the Budget in the House of Lords at stages which are practically merely formal. It is a bill that the Lords would much have liked to have rejected, for the House of Lords has long been the bulwark behind which the great landed and liquor interests are intrenched. Moreover, the bill gives feudalism in England a more disturbing shock than any it has sustained since the House of Commons was reformed in 1832. It was obvious, however, from the early days of July that middle-class and working-class England was with the Government; and the forces were too strong for the Lords to care to risk a clash with both the Commons and the electorate.

THE GROWTH OF THE CHURCHES

In religious matters the United States has certainly adopted the elective system. A man who wishes to join a religious organization must be very fastidious if he cannot find in this country one to suit him. According to the figures recently issued by the Census Bureau, which has completed a religious census, there are a hundred and eighty-six religious denominations in the United States. If, however, a man cannot find a satisfactory denomination, he can make his choice among 1,079 independent churches. A French visitor to America, M. Faguet, is quoted in the Literary Digest as saying that the sects in this country "may be innumerable, but they are all alike." Certainly, it is true that the old doctrinal differences which used to set communities by the ears have been fast disappearing; but a visit in turn to a Roman Catholic cathedral, a Mormon temple, a Christian Science service, and a negro revival would, we believe, persuade any foreigner that there was still variety of religious experience and method in America. The Census Bureau reports that the churches are growing faster than the population. There is nothing in this report which confirms those statements concerning the decadence of institutional religion in America which are commonly accepted as true because of their continued repetition. The last religious census before this was made in 1890. Between that date and the close of 1906, which is the last year included in this latest report, the increase of the population of continental United States was 33.8 per cent. During that same period, in the number of communicants or church-members, there was an increase of 60.4 per cent; in the number of church edifices, an increase of 35.3 per cent; and in the value of church property an increase of 85.1 per cent.

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In every particular, except in the number of church organizations, the rate of increase in religious bodies has exceeded the rate of increase in the population at large. Of the total population in 1890 the reported church-membership represented 32.7 per cent, in 1906 it represented 39.1 per cent. The greater part of this increase has been won by the Roman Catholic Church. In the sixteen years its numbers nearly doubled. Its percentage of increase was 93.5 per cent. Nevertheless, though the Protestant bodies increased at a much lower rate, they have grown more rapidly than the population. Their percentage of increase has been 44.8 per cent. To put it in another way, of the 6.4 per cent gain in church-membership in proportion to the population, 4.4 per cent is Roman Catholic, 1.8 per cent is Protestant. Among the Protestant denominations, the Disciples (including the Churches of Christ) made a gain of 78.2 per cent. The Lutheran bodies follow closely with a gain of 71.6 per cent, and the Protestant Episcopal Church comes closely after, with a gain of 66.7 per cent. The Adventists and Baptists are more than half again as numerous as they were in 1890. Remarkable percentages of increase are also set down to the credit of Eastern Orthodox Churches, Independent Churches, and Christian Scientists. One of the most striking figures in the whole report is that which records the increase in the number of Jewish organizations—231.9 per cent! In connection with the increase of Roman Catholic and Eastern Orthodox communicants, and of Jewish organizations, it should be remembered that it is largely due to immigration. It is to be noted also that in these bodies membership is on a different basis from that which prevails in almost all Protestant denominations. In the membership of the Roman Catholic Church are counted all baptized persons, including infants, and also adults who never attend church; on the other hand, in Protestant denominations only those are included who are voluntarily enrolled. For this reason the Census Bureau has made an allowance of 15 per cent in the Roman Catholic figures for purposes of comparison. Out of the forty-nine States and Territories, in one the Mormons are in a majority, in sixteen the Roman Catholics are in the majority, and in twenty-nine the Protestants are in the majority. Of the Protestant bodies the Methodists are the most numerous. The Methodists and Baptists together have more than half of the total religious organizations in the country. It will surprise many to learn that there is a larger proportion of ministers to church-members than in 1890. Then there was a minister to every 185 members, now (that is, in 1906) there is one for every 139. There has been an increase in the number of denominations; but many of these newly created denominations are insignificant. The process by which certain denominations have united and others have joined in co-operative movements is of far greater significance than the merely nominal increase in the number of religious bodies. There is much for the Church to do in this country which it has ignored and neglected. There are many signs that other organizations are wresting from the Church some of its leadership. Nevertheless, if these figures mean anything they indicate that the Church is, materially at least, in a healthy state of growth.

THE VALUE OF THE CLASSICS IN ENGINEERING EDUCATION

At the recent Convention of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz, a prominent engineer, came out flat-footedly for the classics as a desirable adjunct in engineering education. As he declared, education is not the mere learning of a trade or profession; it is the development of the intellect and the broadening of the mind afforded by a general knowledge of all the subjects of interest to the human race. The educational preparation required to cope with current problems is, he asserted, practically the same in all walks of life; the general education of mind and intellect required by the engineer, or the lawyer, or the physician is essentially the same. During the last two generations the study of the Latin and Greek languages and their literature as a foundation of education has been more and more relegated to the

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background. This, in Dr. Steinmetz's opinion, is a serious mistake. He believes that the study of the classics is not only important and valuable in itself, but asserts that in the education of the engineer it is even more important and valuable than in most other professions, because the vocation of an engineer is especially liable to make him one-sided. "By dealing exclusively with empirical science and its applications, the engineer is led to forget, or never to realize, that there are other branches of human thought besides empirical science, and equally important as factors of a broad, general education and intellectual development." There is also a considerable utilitarian value in the classic languages, he adds, as the terminology of science is entirely based on Latin forms with Greek and Latin roots. While the student may memorize the terms of his profession, it is, as Dr. Steinmetz points out, difficult, if not impracticable, to memorize all the terms in science. This, however, becomes easy to the student of the classic languages, to whom these terms have a meaning. So far, so good. It is refreshing to hear these opinions from an engineer of Dr. Steinmetz's eminence. They are contrary to those generally supposed to be accepted by the men in his own profession. But when, after defending the classic languages, he attacks the modern languages, one is surprised. Concerning the modern languages, Dr. Steinmetz claims that "they open to the student no new world, no field of thought appreciably different from our own; and I therefore consider them of practically no educational value. Their utilitarian value to the college student is negligible, as, due to the limited time, the absence of practice, and the large number of other more important subjects of study, very few college graduates retain even a rudiment of their knowledge of modern languages. . . . To the engineer particularly a knowledge of modern foreign languages offers no appreciable help in following the engineering progress of other countries." As to the first statement, the great army of men and women to whom French and German, Italian and Spanish, have opened "new worlds," and even "fields of thought appreciably different from our own," will protest. As to the second statement, it is true that the utilitarian value of modern languages is negligible to too many college students; but this is because the languages are taught in an English-speaking atmosphere, a defect now being gradually remedied. Finally, a knowledge of foreign modern languages would seem to offer appreciable help to the engineer in his own profession, as many writings of foreign investigators still remain untranslated.

EDWARD H. HARRIMAN

The career of Edward H. Harriman was both romantic and tragic in an extraordinary degree—romantic, because in what is regarded throughout the world as a typical American fashion he rose by his own efforts from a position of obscurity and comparative poverty to the position of one of the wealthiest and most powerful of American financial and industrial leaders; tragic, in that he perhaps did more than any other single modern American to destroy an industrial and financial system which he struggled until the very day of his death to maintain and strengthen.

Even those who, like The Outlook, differ radically from Mr. Harriman's political, industrial, and financial principles must admire the great qualities of mind which he possessed. The somewhat flamboyant term "Napoleon of Finance" is a favorite one in Wall Street. If it could ever be applied to a financier, that financier was Mr. Harriman. His genius and character were Napoleonic in an extraordinary degree. He began his financial career as a "little corporal" and ended it as the commander of huge armies of men. Slight in physique, he possessed an indomitable energy which enabled him, like Napoleon, to endure fatigue and hours of work that exhausted men of greater physical frame. Having laid down a plan of campaign, he pursued it ruthlessly to the end, no matter how many of the enemy his forces destroyed, or how many of his own allies were exhausted by the struggle. As Napoleon's genius enabled him to look into the future and perceive the political power of a consolidated

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Europe, so Mr. Harriman foresaw the economic power of a consolidated railway empire. Like Napoleon, his real and honorable ambition was to build and not to destroy; such destruction as he was responsible for was necessary to larger building.

But Napoleon, although he left a lasting personal fame and some splendid physical monuments, such, for example, as the beautiful Corniche Road, along the Mediterranean, was destined to final failure because in his ultimate endeavor he was opposing the forces of civilization. He was the great apostle of political autocracy, and his work has been swallowed up in the ever-advancing current of the democratic movement. So with Mr. Harriman. He was an industrial autocrat. He believed with all his heart that the industry and finance of this country can only be successfully carried on in accordance with the principles and methods of feudalism. The railway territory of the country must be divided into great baronial districts, each of which shall be administered by a railway overlord. The railway baron, it is true, must administer his district for the benefit of his dependents, his tenants, and his serfs—that is to say, his workmen, his stockholders, and his shippers. He is also, when occasion demands it, compelled to fight other railway barons, and wrest the overlordship from them, if possible. This is not a fanciful sketch. Mr. Harriman has said more than once that the railways of the country should be consolidated and administered, if possible, by one man. It is not improbable that he believed, like Napoleon, that nature or Providence had foreordained him to be that one man, and if we admit that his theory of finance and industry is correct, he was correct in his view of his own mission. In our judgment, however, his theory was wrong. Autocracy in industry is as doomed in this country as was autocracy in politics in France at the time of Napoleon.

Mr. Harriman will be remembered, not because of his great success as a railway builder and operator, although this was very great; not because of his financial genius, which enabled him to draw to his support the great capitalists of the world, although this genius was very marked; but because he was one of the most courageous and indomitable leaders of what is more and more growing to be a forlorn hope—the hope that the forces of democracy can be permanently resisted by either the political or the moneyed power of any one individual.

THE NORTH POLE

It is a great misfortune that a hundred years of romantic struggle to reach the North Pole should have finally ended, not in glory and honor, but in a bitter and belittling personal controversy. This feeling of regret must exist in the mind of every man who stands outside of the immediate circles of adherents engaged in advocating the claims of Commander Peary and of Dr. Cook. Unfortunately, too, the controversy in its present stage seems to be more journalistic than scientific. The newspapers are flooded with telegrams and interviews from both explorers which are in danger of putting the discovery of the Pole on the plane of a reportorial "scoop" rather than of a scientific achievement.

But such controversies apparently are inevitably connected with all extraordinary geographical explorations. Four hundred years have elapsed since Americus Vespucius claimed to have discovered the continent of North America, and his claim is not settled yet. When Henry M. Stanley penetrated the heart of "Darkest Africa" in his search for Livingstone, his story was at first scouted as incredible by men of great influence who lived to give him their full confidence and to do him great honor. There is every probability that the claims of Dr. Cook and the counter-claims of Commander Peary will before long be definitely settled to the satisfaction of the civilized world. If it shall prove that Dr. Cook did actually reach the Pole a year before Commander Peary, there will be glory enough for both, even if that glory is somewhat tarnished by the acrimonious criticisms and accusations which have sprung out of the personal controversy between the two men. It is not unnatural that Commander Peary, who has devoted twenty-three years of his life to a struggle to reach the North Pole, should be bitterly

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disappointed, on reaching civilization after his final successful effort, to learn that another man, less experienced than himself, and with much less elaborate preparation, has perhaps taken from him whatever distinction there may exist in being the first civilized man to reach the Pole. But it must also be reluctantly admitted that Commander Peary has given expression to this bitterness of feeling in a manner not entirely compatible with his position as a naval officer and a scientist. In this aspect of the controversy, Dr. Cook has rather the better position of the two. In the meantime the part of wisdom is to clear our minds of prejudice and consider what has actually been achieved.

In the first place, the North Pole has undoubtedly been reached by one, or the other, or both of the explorers. This is in itself an extraordinary exploit. For two or three centuries the so-called discovery of the North Pole has enthralled the imagination of men. Lives have been lost, fortunes have been spent, and terrible sufferings have been endured in the attempt to reach it. For Americans there is great satisfaction in the knowledge that the hitherto unattainable has at last been attained by an American. To stand on that particular spot of the earth's surface known as the Pole can in itself contribute nothing to the world's advantage. But to penetrate the polar regions, to study arctic and antarctic geography, to investigate magnetic, meteorological, and astronomical laws at the ends of the earth, is of great advantage to the civilized world. Now that the Pole has been reached, the scientific side of arctic exploration will go on with freer and increased vigor. The mind of the explorer need no longer be engrossed in making the terrific dash to the Pole. The achievements of Commander Peary and of Dr. Cook, when they are established to the satisfaction of the scientific world, may be likened to the achievements of Columbus, Vespucius, and Cabot. Those daring sailors discovered specific geographical spots in the Western Hemisphere, but their remarkable and glorious adventures were, after all, almost purely adventures. Their greatest success was that they opened the way for the discoveries and achievements of scientists less famous than themselves, but quite as necessary to the welfare and development of society.

THE MUNICIPAL PROBLEM

THE FORM OF CITY GOVERNMENT

Is it safe to allow a city to govern itself? This is the fundamental question which must be answered before any progress can be made in municipal government. In the last two issues The Outlook has pointed out the effect which the ignoring of this fundamental question has had upon American cities, and the necessity for answering this question before any efficient form of municipal government can be secured.

In his book on "Municipal Government,"[1] which has just been published, Professor Goodnow expresses the opinion that the city is as an organism apparently incapable of democracy. Conditions essential in city life unfit the inhabitants, in his opinion, for governing themselves. Those who hold this view must look for the solution of municipal problems in extending and increasing the powers of the State and the Nation over local communities. They cannot consistently regard municipal government as anything more than the local agent of the larger community; they trust to democracy only as it is the form of government under which the State and the Nation exercise sovereign power; they cannot look for any remedy for municipal ills in the extension of democratic methods to local governments. They, however, seem to us to be easily discouraged. If democracy has failed in American cities, it is because it has never been tried. Even Professor Goodnow himself, skeptical as he is of the adaptability of democracy to city government, acknowledges that where democracy has been timidly adopted as an experiment for cities, as in Missouri, there has been at least the appearance of some escape from the worst ills of oligarchical rule to which American cities have been exceedingly prone. The Outlook, therefore, reiterates its statement that the

[1] Municipal Government. By Frank J. Goodnow, LL.D. The Century Company, New York. This book should be added to the list of books on the government of cities which is to be found in a foot-note in The Outlook for the 4th of September.

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city should, under certain necessary and reasonable limitations, be accorded the right to frame its own charter.

Let us suppose that the city has been granted the privilege of forming a charter for itself. The question then arises, What sort of a charter should it have? In other words, the source of authority for the city government having been determined upon, there remains to be settled what the form of that government should be, and what functions it should assume.

It is commonly said that politics should be kept out of city government. In the sense in which the word politics is ordinarily used in America, this is true. The struggle between parties is nominally on State and Federal issues; and therefore party organization, as a rule, in the United States is a State or National matter. There is virtually no relation between municipal policies and State or National policies. To organize and carry on a municipal campaign in accordance with questions that arise in the State or Federal Government is obviously irrational. There are, however, legitimate differences of opinion regarding municipal policies. The ownership and operation of public utilities afford an instance. In the sense, then, in which the word politics denotes a struggle between parties, it is perfectly legitimate that politics should enter into municipal government so long as municipal parties are divided on municipal policies. On the other hand, a large part of municipal government has nothing to do with the determination of municipal policies. It is strictly nothing more than the administration of a great business concern. For example, the decision whether the city shall operate its own traction line is a matter of municipal policy, while the question as to the best method of operating that line is a matter of administration. There are, therefore, two aspects of municipal government, the one political, concerning the determination of policies, the other administrative, concerning the carrying on of a business.

In the matter of deciding upon policies, the people as a mass are competent. They have both the right and the ability to decide questions of policy. The people, therefore, should elect the officials who are charged principally with the formulation and carrying out of municipal policies. Such officials should be few in number, in order that the people may easily hold them responsible. The Outlook has already explained the importance of keeping the number of elective officials small. It is the principle of concentrated responsibility that justifies what is known as the "short ballot." These few elective officials should have sufficiently long terms to enable them to establish a policy and give it a chance of being vindicated or discredited.

If undue interference by the State Legislature is prevented, municipal legislators will come to a place of importance which in many American cities they have lost. They should be few in number, in order that they may be held accountable; they should be elected at large rather than by wards (although this is not essential, as the experience of Chicago shows); they should have the power of levying taxes and appropriating money for a reason stated later.

In order that municipal policies may be separated from State policies, all nominations should be direct; as we have said, few names should appear on the ticket; some method of recall, duly safeguarded, should be within the reach of the people; and the date of election of municipal officers should be separated from that of the election of State and Federal officers. It is advisable, moreover, that the electoral machinery should be devised to give as much independence as possible to municipal officials, because, if municipal officials are not relieved from subordination to State politicians and are not given big responsibilities, it will be virtually impossible to induce men of ability to serve. It is both the independent status and the large responsibility of the British municipal official that bring men of ability into municipal service in England.

The officers charged with the expenditure of public moneys ought not to levy the taxes, because negligence in the direction of extravagance is otherwise glossed over by appropriations. The levying of taxes ought, therefore, to be intrusted to legislative officials, and the administrative officers should be distinct from the executive and legislative officers so far as possible.

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The officers of administration should be appointed, inasmuch as they are experts whom the people in the mass have no means of selecting with success. They should be appointed to long terms. But they should be held accountable and be removable by the appointive power after a hearing upon charges, and for reasons which must be stated. They should be given concentrated responsibility. The uselessness of checks and balances has been proved; the limitation of power has meant the reduction of the sense of responsibility. Subordinates in the administrative departments should be removable by departmental authorities, without appeal to the courts. This is especially true of the police. In other words, no subordinate should have a firmer tenure of office than his chief, or be independent of discipline by him.

By an unconscious process municipal government has been engaged in an increasing variety of activities, mainly in the direction of administering properties. To such departments as that of the police have been added departments like the department of ferries. This means a great emphasis on administrative efficiency.

The commission form of government has made great headway because it is admirably suited to the administration of city business. It combines the principle of election at large with the principle of concentration of responsibility in administration. It, however, seems to be weak on the side of determining municipal policies. This weakness has not been conspicuous simply because the determination of municipal policy has never been adequately intrusted to any American city government. Under present conditions of city government in the United States, the commission form of government has been conspicuously successful. Under better conditions it might still be successful if modified.

These principles are applicable in one form or another to every city. What form they should assume, and in what details of organization they should be embodied, must depend upon the peculiar needs of the particular community. In some form, however, they must be recognized if democracy is to be applied to municipal government.

IDEAL AND POWER

The aeroplane and the dirigible are not modern ideals except in the detail of their form. Always man has wanted to fly, meant to fly, hoped to fly, and only failed because he could not manage it in the concrete. The ideal was there, the power was not. Not until the right motor apparatus was discovered did first one experimenter and then another rise from an earth-bound lot and soar as he had dreamed. Take away the motor tomorrow, and what aeroplane could go any better than Icarus with his wings of wax?

The ideal is only half. It must be related to power or it is only good to talk about. Moral ideals are older than flying-machines. They are, in many men's cases, very definite. They are clear from the earliest years of manhood—as clear as they ever become afterward. The man wants to follow them. He hopes to. He means to. But in the stress of life he finds he has no power to rise on the wings of his ideal. And so, in many cases, again, he regretfully sets them aside as an impractical dream. The Sermon on the Mount? Why, it can't be made a part of modern life. The Beatitudes? No every-day existence can soar to their height. Self-forgetting, passionate consecration? Why, how shall a man pull himself up to that altitude?

He cannot. Until the moral ideal is geared to moral power it will not work. Nor will it work if only half geared. There must be an absolute relation, constant and structural. The unique message of the Gospel is its calm offer of spiritual power and its logical demand for personal relation to God in order to receive that power. To try to take the morality of Christianity without its passionate discipleship is to take the ideal and lose the power. The man who does that gets morality and to spare, but without an ounce of lifting power—and then he criticises Christianity for being dead. It *is* dead—except when it is eagerly alive and transforming character and the world. Morality is the aeroplane before the motor is put in. It is built to soar, meant to soar, but without the power there it lies, and the natural man laughs at it.

Christ's gift of power is conditioned on

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full acceptance of his indwelling. No man can be made a new creature in Christ Jesus unless he lives up to the "in." To relate ideal to power, closer and closer, is the secret of the Christian life that rises and transcends surroundings and mounts up with wings as the eagle. It is no dream. It can be done. More than that—it can be done by anybody that wills, even as the aeroplane can be brought into the uses of every-day life now that motor and planes have been geared together to make it practical. Ideal and power, aspiration and holiness—to unite these is every soul's problem, and the solution of it is in the old dynamic words, "Follow Me."

THE SPECTATOR

In the Spectator's youth, when life seemed to promise the fulfillment of the fairy tales in which he then delved, he desired to possess a pair of seven-league boots, by means of which he could be transported across the seas, or from one country to another. It was on Easter Sunday last spring that the Spectator felt he had been wearing those boots of his boyhood dreams. Sunrise found him on the highest point of a mountain where, at the foot of a cross, a few of the people of the little city below had assembled for an early morning service. As the sun showed itself over the top of a mountain in the east, the old hymn, "The Morning Light is Breaking," was appropriately sung; there was a moment of silent prayer, followed by the Lord's Prayer, and there, on that high pinnacle, for the few devout early risers, Easter Sunday was ushered in.

Sunset of the same day found the Spectator miles away on the Colorado Desert, in a spot so attractive in its isolation—an oasis so beautiful—that of him who had planned, "planted and watered," it might well be said, he has made "the desert blossom as a rose." In those intervening hours between sunrise and sunset the Spectator had been transplanted from the land of orange groves and climbing roses, picturesque bungalows and extensive grain fields, to the verdureless, treeless desert, where was found a retreat for the weary of soul, and delightful companionship and surroundings for the mentally alert who are ever seeking new scenes and experiences. How did he get there? By modern seven-league boots, of course.

As the Spectator left the perfume of the orange blossoms behind him and looked from the car window upon the sage-brush, the yucca and cacti of the desert, with the snowy peaks of San Bernardino and San Jacinto towering above him, he tried to reverse the situation and to imagine himself in the place of the traveler going West, who, after days upon the desert, should for the first time catch sight of those snowy sentinels guarding the entrance to the fairyland of California. The Spectator wondered if the sudden transition and such a revelation of beauty would not make the traveler feel as did Moses when he first caught sight of the Promised Land.

The drive of six miles from the railway station to the oasis, with wind blowing and sand blurring the vision, revealed little of interest or beauty; yet when the Spectator's attention could be turned from keeping his hat in its proper place and wiping the sand from his eyes, he gained a slight knowledge of his surroundings as he traveled toward the little settlement which was his objective point in the desert. The heavy clouds resting upon the edge of the San Jacinto range, falling over in places on the desert side like a drapery, brought to the Spectator's mind a fact he had previously read—that the clouds blown east from the Pacific Coast are met and arrested in their journey by these mountain barriers, and as precipitation takes place on the western slope, rain is of rare occurrence in the desert. He noticed also the sand dunes of all sizes, from the tiny hillock to those over a hundred feet high; he caught sight of the lizards and horned toads, as white as the sand over which they were scurrying; he followed the contour of the mountain ranges on both sides, and caught a glimpse of the cañons through which the mountain climber can find a trail leading to the other side. He learned from the driver that during the winter months there was a population of some two hundred persons at this health resort, including the

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Indians now living on their own reservation. Besides the hotel buildings there are a church, a school, and a post-office, yet in the summer only the Indians remain, for they alone are able to bear the intense heat.

The Spectator was met at the driveway of the hotel grounds by the venerable proprietor and his wife, who have lived in this place for over twenty-five years and have made it the attractive spot it is to-day. The detached buildings, cottages, and arbors are set in an inclosure where grow trees, shrubs, flowers, and vines of all kinds. Even on the canvas ceiling of the Spectator's bedroom tent a vine had crept in from the outside and formed a delicate fresco which a decorative artist could hardly improve. The orange and lemon tree flourish there under this caretaker, who is proprietor, gardener, and scholar combined. In no place had the Spectator seen such glossy foliage; pests and scales are unknown because of the lack of moisture in the air—a compensation, the Spectator remarked, to offset the oven-like heat of the desert. The date tree is now at an experimental stage; one has been brought from the Sudan and another from Persia; high prices were paid for both, and there is no doubt in the mind of the experimenter that the date crop will equal that of the fig in a few years. The Spectator saw a fig tree of enormous proportions which had been so cut and trained that its branches were low and wide-spreading, thus bringing the fruit within easy reach and protecting the main body of the tree. The usual summer heat is 126 degrees in the shade and 156 in the sun, and unless a caretaker could be found to irrigate the trees and shrubs the work of years would be lost in a single season.

Across from the hotel, on the grounds of the Indian reservation, is a curative hot spring inclosed in a circular tank where the hot water bubbles up through the quicksands. When the bather pushes himself into the sands, he holds on to a vertical beam placed across the tank, but such is the buoyancy of the water and the expelling power of the sands that if he ceases to hold to the beam he is shot up into the air like a stone from a catapult.

An evening spent in the company of the venerable host revealed much of his early life, his tastes, companionships, and pursuits. Born in Edinburgh, Scotland, his heart is still true to the old associations, as evinced by pictures and books, but his quarter of a century on the desert has given him an insight into nature which can be attained only by those who dwell thereon. The Spectator detected a vein of sarcasm in his comments on writers who visit the desert and think they "know it all" after a few weeks of study there. He has a well-merited pride in the home-like, attractive spot which he has created, as well as pride in the fact that writers, artists, and naturalists have visited him and listened to the facts he has been able to give.

The Spectator was enjoying this place from the standpoint of health, but on the return trip to the station he learned what it meant to those who were forced to remain there because of poor health. The driver told of the benefit derived from four years spent in that locality; of his being taken there to die, and the change for the better that began in a week; but the discouraging fact remained that a return to civilization and occupation brings back the old trouble. "Is life worth living, then," the Spectator asked, "under such conditions?" The reply came promptly: "No; it's all right for folks to come in here for a short time, to enjoy the climate and feel the benefit, but to know that one must end his days here—that's another matter." And the Spectator tried to put himself in this man's place and wonder if he could be any more philosophic or make life more bearable under such a load.

The railway train conveyed the Spectator through the natural pass between the snowy peaks of the mountains, back to the land of roses and orange blossoms—to the beautiful valley under the shadow of the mountain where the sunrise service had been held. His "seven-league boots" had served him well.

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AT THE NORTH POLE[1]

BY COMMANDER ROBERT E. PEARY

The entire world is intensely interested in Peary's own narrative of his journey to the North Pole. The Outlook gives it to its readers by special permission of the New York Times, to whose enterprise is due the credit of obtaining this remarkable story, the longest ever transmitted by wireless. A few less important passages have been omitted, as indicated.—THE EDITORS.

Battle Harbor, Labrador (via Marconi Wireless, Cape Ray, N. F.), September 9-10.

[After describing in detail the voyage of the Roosevelt, which left Etah on August 18, 1908, the establishing of winter quarters near Cape Sheridan, the hunting trips of the early winter, and the pushing forward of supplies to Cape Columbia, the narrative proceeds as follows:]

ON February 15 Bartlett left the Roosevelt with his division for Cape Columbia and Parr Bay. Goodsell, Borup, McMillan, and Hansen followed on successive days with their divisions. Marvin returned from Bryants on February 17, and left for Cape Columbia February 21. I brought up the rear February 22. The total of all divisions leaving the Roosevelt were 7 members of the party, 19 Eskimos, 140 dogs, and 23 sledges. By February 27 such of the Cape Colan depot as was needed had been brought up to Cape Columbia, the dogs were rested and double rationed and harnessed, and the sledges and other gear overhauled.

Four months of northerly winds during the fall and winter instead of southerly ones, as during the previous season, led me to expect less open water than before, but a great deal of rough ice, and I was prepared to hew a road through the jagged ice for the first hundred miles or so and then cross the big lead.

On the last day of February Bartlett, with his pioneer division, accomplished this, and his division got away due north over the ice on March 1. The remainder of the party got away on Bartlett's trail, and I followed an hour later.

The party now comprised 7 members of the expedition, 17 Eskimos, 133 dogs, and 19 sledges. One Eskimo and seven dogs had gone to pieces.

A strong easterly wind, drifting snow, and temperature in the minus marked our departure from the camp at Cape Columbia, which I had christened Crane City. Rough ice in the first march damaged several sledges and smashed two beyond repair, the teams going back to Columbia for other sledges in reserve there.

We camped ten miles from Crane City. The easterly wind and low temperature continued. In the second march we passed the British record made by Markham in May, 1876—82.20—and were stopped by open water, which had been formed by the wind after Bartlett passed. In this march we negotiated the lead and reached Bartlett's third camp. Borup had gone back from here, but missed his way, owing to the faulting of the trail by the movement of the ice.

Marvin came back also for more fuel and alcohol. The wind continued forming open water all about us. At the end of the fourth march we came upon Bartlett, who had been stopped by a wide lake of open water. We remained here from March 4 to March 11.

At noon of March 5 the sun, red and shaped like a football by excessed reflection, just raised itself above the horizon for a few minutes, and then disappeared again. It was the first time I had seen it since October 1.

I now began to feel a good deal of anxiety because there were no signs of Marvin and Borup, who should have been there for two days. Besides, they had the alcohol and oil, which were indispensable for us. We concluded that they had either lost the trail or were imprisoned on an island by open water, probably the latter.

Fortunately, on March 11 the lead was practicable, and leaving a note for Marvin and Borup to push on after us by forced marches, we proceeded northward. The sounding of the lead gave 110 fathoms. During this march we crossed the eighty-fourth parallel and traversed a succession of just-frozen leads from a few hundred

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yards to a mile in width. This march was really simple.

On the 14th we got free of the leads and came on decent going. While we were making camp a courier from Marvin came and informed me he was on the march in the rear. The temperature was 59. The following morning, March 14, I sent Hansen with his division north to pioneer a trail for five marches, and Dr. Goodsell, according to the programme, started back to Cape Columbia. At night Marvin and Borup came spinning in with their men and dogs steaming in the bitter air like a squadron of battleships. Their arrival relieved me of all anxiety as to our oil supply.

In the morning I discovered that McMillan's foot was badly frost-bitten. The mishap had occurred two or three days before; but McMillan had said nothing about it in the hope that it would come out all right. A glance at the injury showed me that the only thing was to send him back to Cape Columbia at once. The arrival of Marvin and Borup enabled me to spare sufficient men and dogs to go back with him.

This early loss of McMillan was seriously disappointing to me. He had a sledge all the way from Cape Columbia, and with his enthusiasm and the powers and physique of the trained athlete I had confidence in him for at least the eighty-sixth parallel, but there was no alternative.

The best sledges and dogs were selected, and the sledge loads brought up to the standard. The sounding gave a depth of 325 fathoms. We were over the continental shelf, and, as I had surmised, the successive leads crossed in the fifth and sixth marches composed the big lead and marked the continental shelf.

On leaving this camp the expedition comprised 16 men, 12 sledges, and 100 dogs. The next march was satisfactory as regards distance and character of going. In the latter part there were pronounced movements in the ice, both visible and audible. Some leads were crossed, in one of which Borup and his team took a bath, and we were finally stopped by an impracticable lead opening in front of us.

We camped in a temperature of 50. At the end of two short marches we came upon Hansen and his party in camp, mending their sledges. We devoted the remainder of the day to overhauling and mending sledges and breaking up our damaged ones for material.

The next morning I put Marvin in the lead to pioneer the trail, with instructions to make two forced marches to bring up our average, which had been cut down by the last two short ones. Marvin carried out his instructions implicitly.

At the end of the tenth march, latitude 85.23, Borup turned back in command of the second supporting party, having traveled a distance equivalent to Nansen's distance from this far to his farthest North. I was sorry to lose this young Yale runner, with his enthusiasm and pluck. He had led his heavy sledge over the floes in a way that commanded every one's admiration, and would have made his father's eyes glisten.

From this point the expedition comprised 10 men, 10 sledges, and 70 dogs. It was necessary for Marvin to take a sledge from here, and I put Bartlett and his division in advance to pioneer the trail.

The continual daylight enabled me to make a moderation here that brought my advance and main parties closer together and reduced the likelihood of their being separated by open leads.

After Bartlett left camp with Henderson and their division, Marvin and I remained with our divisions twenty hours longer, and then followed. When we reached Bartlettt's camp, he broke out and went on, and we turned in. By this arrangement the advance party was traveling while the main party was asleep, and vice versa, and I was in touch with my advance party every twenty-four hours. I had no reason to complain of the going for the next two marches, though for a less experienced party, less adaptable sledges, or less perfect equipment it would have been an impossibility.

At our position at the end of the second march Marvin obtained a satisfactory sight for latitude in clear weather, which placed us at 85.48. This result agreed very satisfactorily with the dead reckoning of Marvin, Bartlett, and myself. Up to this time the slight altitude of the sun had made it not worth while to waste time in observations.

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On the next two marches the going improved, and we covered good distances. In one of these marches a lead delayed us a few hours. We finally ferried across on the ice cakes. The next day Bartlett let himself out, evidently, for a record, and reeled off plump twenty miles. Here Marvin obtained another satisfactory sight on latitude, which gave the position as 86.38, or beyond the farthest north of Nansen and Abruzzi, and showed that we had covered 50 minutes of latitude in three marches. In these three marches we had passed the Norwegian record of 86.14 by Nansen and the Italian record of 86.34 by Cagni.

From this point Marvin turned back in command of the third supporting party. My last words to him were, " Be careful of the leads, my boy."

The party from this point comprised 9 men, 7 sledges, and 60 dogs. The conditions at this camp and the apparently unbroken expanse of fairly level ice in every direction reminded me of Cagni's description of his farthest north, but I was not deceived by the apparently favorable outlook, for available conditions never continue for any distance or any length of time in the arctic regions.

The north march was over good going, but for the first time since leaving land we experienced that condition, frequent over these ice-fields, of a hazy atmosphere in which the light is equal everywhere. All relief is destroyed, and it is impossible to see for any distance.

We were obliged in this march to make a detour around an open lead. In the next march we encountered the heaviest and deepest snow of the journey, through a thick, smothering mantle lying in the depressions of heavy rubble ice. I came upon Bartlett and his party, fagged out and temporarily discouraged by the heart-racking work of making a road.

I knew what was the matter with them. They were simply spoiled by the good going on the previous marches. I rallied them a bit, lightened their sledges, and set them on encouraged again.

During the next march we traveled through a thick, low-lying, smoky haze drifting over the ice before a biting air from the northeast. At the end of the march we came upon the Captain camped beside a wide open lead with a dense black water sky northwest, north, and northeast. We built our igloos and turned in, but before I had fallen asleep I was roused out by a movement of the ice and found a startling condition of affairs—a rapidly widening road of black water ran but a few feet from our igloos. One of my teams of dogs had escaped by only a few feet from being dragged by the movement of the ice into the water.

Another team had an equally narrow escape from being crushed by the ice blocks piled over them. The ice on the north side of the lead was moving around eastward. The small floor on which were the Captain's igloos was drifting eastward in the open water, and the side of our igloos threatened to follow suit.

Kicking out the door of the igloos, I called to the Captain's men to pack their sledges and be ready for a quick dash when a favorable chance arrived. We hurried our things on our sledges, hitched the dogs, and moved on to a large floe west of us. Then, leaving one man to look out for the dogs and sledges, we hurried over to assist the Captain's party to join us.

A corner of their raft impinged on the ice on our side. For the rest of the night and during the next day the ice suffered the torments of the damned, surging together, opening out, groaning, and grinding, while the open water belched black smoke like a prairie fire. Then the motion ceased; the open water closed; the atmosphere to the north was cleared, and we rushed across before the ice should open again.

A succession of laterally open leads were crossed, and after them some heavy old ice. And then we came to a layer of young ice, some of which buckled under our sledges, and this gave us a straight way of six miles to the north. Then came more heavy old floes covered with hard snow. This was a good long march.

The next march was also a long one. It was Bartlett's last hit. He let himself out over a series of large old floes steadily increasing in diameter and covered with hard snow. During the last few miles I walked beside him or in advance. He was very solemn and anxious to go further, but the

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programme was for him to go back from here in command of the fourth supporting party, and there were no supplies for an increase in the main party.

In this march we encountered a high wind for the first time since the three days after we left Cape Columbia. It was dead on our faces, bitter and insistent, but I had no reason to complain; it was better than an easterly or southerly wind, either of which would have set us adrift in open water, while this was closing up every lead behind. This furnished another advantage of my supporting parties. True, by so doing it was pressing to the south the ice over which we traveled, and so robbing us of a hundred miles of advantage.

We concluded we were on or near the eighty-eighth parallel, unless the north wind had lost us several miles. The wind blew all night and all the following day. At this camp, in the morning, Bartlett started to walk five or six miles to the north to make sure of reaching the eighty-eighth parallel. While he was gone I selected the forty boat dogs in the outfit and had them doubled, and I picked out five of the best sledges and assigned them expressly to the Captain's party. I broke up the seventh for material with which to repair the others, and set Eskimos at the work.

Bartlett returned in time to take a satisfactory observation for latitude in clear weather, and obtained for our position 87.48, and that showed that the continued north wind had robbed us of a number of miles of hard-earned distance.

Bartlett took the observation here, as had Marvin five camps back, partly to save my eyes, but largely to give an independent record and determination of our advance. The observations completed and two copies made, one for him and the other for me, Bartlett started on the back trail in command of my fourth supporting party, with 2 Eskimos, 1 sledge,aand 18 dogs. When he left, I felt for a moment pangs of regret as he disappeared in the distance, but it was only momentary. My work was still ahead, not in the rear. Bartlett had done good work and had been a great help to me. Circumstances had thrust the brunt of the pioneering upon him instead of dividing it among several, as I had planned.

He had reason to take pride in the fact that he had bettered the Italian record by a degree and a quarter and had covered a distance equal to the entire distance of the Italian expedition from Franz Josef Land to Cagni's farthest north. I had given Bartlett this position and post of honor in command of my fourth and last supporting party, and for two reasons—first, because of his magnificent handling of the Roosevelt; second, because he had cheerfully stood between me and many trifling annoyances on the expedition.

Then there was a third reason. It seemed to me appropriate, in view of the magnificent British record of arctic work, covering three centuries, that it should be a British subject who could boast that, next to an American, he had been nearest to the Pole.

With the disappearance of Bartlett I turned to the problem before me. This was that for which I had worked for thirty-two years, for which I had lived the simple life, for which I had conserved all my energy on the upward trip, for which I had trained myself as for a race, crushing down every worry about success.

For success now, in spite of my years, I felt in trim—fit for the demands of the coming days and eager to be on the trail. As for my party, my equipment, and my supplies, I was in shape beyond my most sanguine dreams of earliest years. My party might be regarded as an ideal which had now come to realization—as loyal and responsive to my will as the fingers of my right hand.

Four of them carried the technique of dogs, sledges, ice, and cold as their heritage. Two of them, Hansen and Ootam, were my companions to the furthest point three years before. Two others, Egingwah and Sigloo, were in Clark's division, which had such a narrow escape at that time, and now were willing to go anywhere with my immediate party and willing to risk themselves again in any supporting party. The fifth was a young man who had never served before in any expedition, but who was, if possible, even more willing and eager than the others for the princely gifts—a boat, a rifle, a shotgun, ammunition, knives, etc.—which I had promised to each of them who reached the Pole with me; for he knew that these

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riches would enable him to wrest from a stubborn father the girl whose image filled his hot young heart.

All had blind confidence so long as I was with them, and gave no thought for the morrow, sure that whatever happened I should somehow get them back to land. But I dealt with the party equally. I recognized that all its impetus centered in me, and that whatever pace I set it would make good. If any one was played out, I would stop for a short time.

I had no fault to find with the conditions. My dogs were the very best, the pick of 122 with which we left Columbia. Almost all were powerful males, hard as nails, in good flesh, but without a superfluous ounce, without a suspicion of fat anywhere; and, what was better yet, they were all in good spirits.

My sledges, now that the repairs were completed, were in good condition. My supplies were ample for forty days, and, with the reserve represented by the dogs themselves, could be made to last fifty.

Pacing back and forth in the lee of the pressure ridge where our igloos were built, while my men got their loads ready for the next marches, I settled on my programme. I decided that I should strain every nerve to make five marches of fifteen miles each, crowding these marches in such a way as to bring us to the end of the fifth long enough before noon to permit the immediate taking of an observation for latitude.

Weather and leads permitting, I believed I could do this. If my proposed distances were cut down by any chance, I had two means in reserve for making up the deficit: First, to make the last march a forced one, stopping to make tea and rest the dogs, but not to sleep. Second, at the end of the fifth march to make a forced march with a light sledge, a double team of dogs, and one or two of the party, leaving the rest in camp. Underlying all these calculations was a recognition of the ever-present neighborhood of open leads and impassable water and the knowledge that a twenty-four hours' gale would knock all my plans into a cocked hat, and even put us in imminent peril.

At a little after midnight of April 1, after a few hours of sound sleep, I hit the trail, leaving the others to break up camp and follow. As I climbed the pressure ridge back of our igloos I set another hole in my belt, the third since I started. Every man and dog of us was lean and flat-bellied as a board and as hard. It was a fine morning. The wind of the last two days had subsided, and the going was the best and most equable of any I had had yet. The floes were large and old, hard and clear, and were surrounded by pressure ridges, some of which were almost stupendous. The biggest of them, however, were easily negotiated, either through some crevice or up some huge brink.

I set a good pace for about ten hours. Twenty-five miles took me well beyond the eighty-eighth parallel. While I was building my igloos a long lead formed by the east and southeast of us at a distance of a few miles. A few hours' sleep and we were on the trail again. As the going was now practically horizontal, we were unhampered and could travel as long as we pleased and sleep as little as we wished. The weather was fine and the going like that of the previous day, except at the beginning, when pickaxes were required. This and a brief stop at another lead cut down our distance. But we had made twenty miles in ten hours and were halfway to the eighty-ninth parallel.

The ice was grinding audibly in every direction, but no motion was visible. Evidently it was settling back into equilibrium, and probably sagging due northward with its release from the wind pressure.

Again there was a few hours' stop, and we hit the trail before midnight. The weather and going were even better. The surface, except as interrupted by infrequent ridges, was as level as the glacial fringe from Hecla to Columbia, and harder.

We marched something over ten hours, the dogs being often on the trot, and made 20 miles. Near the end of the march we rushed across a lead 100 yards wide, which buckled under our sledges and finally broke as the last sledge left it.

We stopped in sight of the eighty-ninth parallel, in a temperature of 40° below. Again a scant sleep, and we were on our way once more and across the eighty-ninth parallel. This march duplicated the previous one as to weather and going. The

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last few hours it was on young ice, and occasionally the dogs were galloping.

We made 25 miles or more, the air, the sky, and the bitter wind burning the face till it crackled. It was like the great interior ice cap of Greenland. Even the natives complained of the bitter air. It was as keen as frozen steel.

A little longer sleep than the previous ones had to be taken here, as we were all in need of it. Then on again.

Up to this time, with each successive march, our fear of an impossible lead had increased. At every inequality of the ice I found myself hurrying breathlessly forward, fearing that it marked a lead, and when I arrived at the summit would catch my breath with relief—only to find myself hurrying on in the same way at the next one. But on this march, by some strange shift of feeling, this fear fell from me completely. The weather was thick, but it gave me no uneasiness.

Before I turned in I took an observation which indicated our position as 89.25. A dense, lifeless pall hung overhead. The horizon was black and the ice beneath was a ghastly, chalky white with no relief—a striking contrast to the glimmering, sunlit fields of it over which we had been traveling for the previous four days.

The going was even better and there was scarcely any snow on the hard, granular, last summer's surface of the old floes, dotted with the sapphire ice of the previous summer's lakes.

A rise in temperature to 15 below reduced the friction of the sledges and gave the dogs the appearance of having caught the spirits of the party. The more sprightly ones, as they went along with tightly curled tails, frequently tossed their heads, with short, sharp barks and yelps.

In twelve hours we made 40 miles. There was no sign of a lead in the march.

I had now made my five marches, and was in time for a hasty noon observation through a temporary break in the clouds, which indicated our position as 89.57. I quote an entry from my journal some hours later:

"The Pole at last! The prize of three centuries, my dream and goal for twenty years, mine at last! I cannot bring myself to realize it.

"It all seems so simple and commonplace. As Bartlett said when turning back, when speaking of his being in these exclusive regions, which no mortal has ever penetrated before:

"'It is just like every day!'"

Of course, I had many sensations that made sleep impossible for hours, despite my utter fatigue—the sensations of a lifetime; but I have no room for them here.

The first thirty hours at the Pole were spent in taking observations; in going some ten miles beyond our camp and some eight miles to the right of it; in taking photographs, planting my flags, depositing my records, studying the horizon with my telescope for possible land, and searching for a practicable place to make a sounding.

Ten hours after our arrival the clouds cleared before a light breeze from our left, and from that time until our departure in the afternoon of April 7 the weather was cloudless and flawless. The minimum temperature during the thirty hours was 33 below, the maximum 12.

We had reached the goal, but the return was still before us. It was essential that we reach the land before the next spring tide, and we must strain every nerve to do this. I had a brief talk with my men. From now on it was to be a big travel, little sleep, and a hustle every minute. We would try, I told them, to double march on the return—that is, to start and cover one of our northward marches, make tea and eat our luncheon in the igloos, then cover another march, eat and sleep a few hours, and repeat this daily.

As a matter of fact, we nearly did this, covering regularly on our homeward journey five outward marches in three return marches. Just as long as we could hold the trail we could double our speed, and we need waste no time in building new igloos. Every day that we gained on the return lessened the chances of a gale destroying the track. Just above the eighty-seventh parallel was a region some fifty miles wide which caused me considerable uneasiness. Twelve hours of strong easterly, westerly, or northerly wind would make this region an open sea.

In the afternoon of the 7th we started on our return, having double fed the dogs, repaired the sledges for the last time, and

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discarded all our spare clothing to lighten the loads. Five miles from the Pole a narrow crack filled with recent ice, through which we were able to work a hole with a pickax, enabled me to make a sounding. All my wire, 1,500 fathoms, was sent down, but there was no bottom. In pulling up the wire parted a few fathoms from the surface and lead and wire went to the bottom. Off went reel and handle, lightening the sledges still further. We had no more use for them now.

Three marches brought us back to the igloos where the Captain turned back. The last march was in the wild sweep of a northerly gale, with drifting snow and the ice rocking under us as we dashed over it. South of where Marvin had turned back we came to where his party had built several igloos while delayed by open leads. Still further south we found where the Captain had been held up by an open lead and obliged to camp. Fortunately, the movement of these leads was simply open and shut, and it took considerable water motion to fault the trail seriously.

While the Captain, Marvin, and, as I found out later, Borup, had been delayed by open leads, we seemed to bear a patent charm, and at no single lead were we delayed more than a couple of hours. Sometimes the ice was fast and firm enough to carry us across; sometimes a short detour, sometimes a brief halt for the lead to close, sometimes an improvised ferry on an ice cake, kept the trail without difficulty down to the tenth outward march. Igloos there disappeared completely, and the entire region was unrecognizable. Where on the outward journey had been narrow cracks, there were now broad leads, one of them over five miles in width, caught over with young ice.

Here again fortune favored us, and no pronounced movement of the ice having taken place since the Captain passed, we had his trail to follow. We picked up the old trail again north of the seventh igloos, followed it beyond the fifth, and at the big lead lost it finally,

From here we followed the Captain's trail, and on April 23 our sledges passed up the vertical edge of the glacier fringe, a little west of Cape Columbia. When the last sledge came up, I thought my Eskimos had gone crazy. They yelled and called and danced themselves helpless. As Ootah sat down on his sledge he remarked in Eskimo: "The devil is asleep or having trouble with his wife, or we never should have come back so easily."

A few hours later we arrived at Crane City under the bluffs of Cape Columbia, and after putting four pounds of pemmican into each of the faithful dogs to keep them quiet, we had at last our chance to sleep. Never shall I forget that sleep at Cape Columbia. It was sleep, sleep, then turn over and sleep again. We slept gloriously, with never a thought of the morrow or of having to walk, and, too, with no thought that there was to be never a night more of blinding headache. Cold water to a parched throat is nothing compared with sleep to a numbed, fatigued brain and body.

Two days we spent here in sleeping and drying our clothes. Then for the ship. Our dogs, like ourselves, had not been hungry when we arrived, but simply lifeless with fatigue. They were different animals now, and the better ones among them slept on with tightly curled tails and uplifted heads and their hind legs treading the snow with piston-like regularity.

We reached Hecla in one march and the Roosevelt in another. When we got to the Roosevelt, I was staggered by the news of the fatal mishap to Marvin. He had been either less cautious or less fortunate than the rest of us, and his death emphasized the risk to which we had all been subjected, for there was not one of us but had been in the sledge at some time during the journey. The big lead, cheated of its prey three years before, had at last gained its human victim.

The rest can be quickly told. McMillan and Borup had started for the Greenland coast to deposit caches for me. Before I arrived a flying Eskimo courier from me overtook them with instructions that the caches were no longer needed, and that they were to concentrate their energies on tidal observations, etc., at Cape Morris K. Jesup and north from there. These instructions were carried out, and after their return in the latter part of May McMillan made some further tidal observations at other points. The supplies remaining at the various caches were brought in, and on July 18 the

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Roosevelt left her winter quarters and was driven out into the channel pack of Cape Union. She fought her way south in the center of the channel and passed Cape Sabine on August 8, or 39 days earlier than in 1908 and 32 days earlier than the British expedition in 1876.

We picked up Whitney and his party and the stores at Etah. We killed seventy-odd walrus for my Eskimos, whom I landed at their homes. We met the Jeanie off Saunders Island and took over her coal, and cleared from Cape York on August 26, one month earlier than in 1906.

On September 5 we arrived at Indian Harbor, whence the message, " Stars and Stripes nailed to North Pole," was sent vibrating southward through the crisp Labrador air.

The culmination of long experience; a thorough knowledge of the conditions of the problem gained in the last expedition —these, together with a new type of sledge which reduced the work of both dogs and driver, and a new type of camp cooler which added to the comfort and increased the hours of sleep of the members of the party, combined to make the present expedition an agreeable improvement upon the last in respect to the rapidity and effectiveness of its work and the lessened discomfort and strain upon the members of the party.

As to the personnel, I have again been particularly fortunate. Captain Bartlett is just Bartlett—tireless, sleepless, enthusiastic, whether on the bridge or in the crow's-nest or at the head of a sledge division in the field. Dr. Goodsell, the surgeon of the expedition, not only looked after its health and his own specialty of microscopes, but took his full share of the field work of the expedition as well, and was always ready for any work. Professors Marvin and McMillan have secured a mass of scientific data, having made all the tidal and most of the field work, and their services were invaluable in every way. Borup not only made the record as to the distance traveled during the journey, but to his assistance and his expert knowledge of photography is due what I believe to be the unequaled series of photographs taken by the expedition. Hansen in the field and Percy as steward were the same as ever, invaluable in their respective lines. Chief Engineer Wardwell, also of the last expedition, aided by his assistant, Scott, kept the machinery up to a high state of efficiency.

Mr. Gushue, the mate, who was in charge of the Roosevelt during the absence of Captain Bartlett and myself, and Bo's'n Murphy, who was put in charge of the station at Etah for the relief of Cook, were both trustworthy and reliable men, and I count myself fortunate in having had them in my service.

The members of the crew and the firemen were a distinct improvement over those of the last expedition. Every one of them was willing and anxious to be of service in every possible way. Connors, who was promoted to be bo's'n in the absence of Murphy, proved to be particularly effective. Barnes, seaman, and Wiseman and Joyce, firemen, not only assisted Marvin and McMillan in their tidal and meteorological observations on the Roosevelt, but Wiseman and Barnes went into the field with them on their trips to Cape Columbia, and Condon and Cody covered 1,000 miles hunting and sledging supplies.

As for my faithful Eskimos, I have left them with ample supplies of dark, rich walrus meat and blubber for their winter, with currants, sugar biscuits, guns, rifles, ammunition, knives, hatchets, traps, etc., and for the splendid four who stood beside me at the Pole a boat and tent each to requite them for their energy and the hardship and toil they underwent to help their friend Peary to the North Pole.

But all of this—the dearly bought years of experience, the magnificent strength of the Roosevelt, the splendid energy and enthusiasm of my party, the loyal faithfulness of my Eskimos—could have gone for naught but for the faithful necessaries of war furnished so loyally by the members and friends of the Peary Arctic Club. And it is no detraction from the living to say that to no single individual has the fine result been more signally due than to my friend the late Morris K. Jesup, the first President of the club.

Their assistance has enabled me to tell the last of the great earth stories, the story the world has been waiting to hear for 300 years—the story of the discovery of the North Pole.

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FLYING—TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

BY GEORGE F. CAMPBELL WOOD

OF THE AERO CLUB OF AMERICA

THE atmosphere of the earth is about a hundred miles in depth, and scientific balloon ascensions have shown that man can live in it up to a height of from four and a half to seven miles above the sea-level, according to his method and speed of ascent. This is the new domain which human genius and skill are setting about to conquer for the purposes of transportation. That this conquest will ultimately be an absolute fact and that the air will at some future date be the earth's main highway there seems every reason to believe, but that this astounding change will occur with such lightning rapidity as is freely predicted is a belief the optimism of which appears to be totally unwarranted. A wild and unwarranted enthusiasm can only bring forth a reaction of skepticism with the realization of its gross exaggeration, and it seems to the writer that the cause of aerial navigation would be better served by a sober consideration of what has so far been done and what are the immediate indications in the line of progress. Because balloons existed in the days of Washington and of Louis XVI of France, it is generally supposed that, of the two great schools in aeronautics, the lighter-than-air is the older one; as a matter of fact, whereas the idea of rising from the earth through the agency of rarefied air or of a gas lighter than air is less than a century and a half old, it would be difficult to place a date on the origin of the first attempt at mechanical flight, for it would seem as if one of the first cravings of man had been to be able to imitate the birds he saw soaring about him. History of all ages and of all peoples abounds with relations of man's attempts to fly, and the thought gives one a feeling of gratification that he happens to be living at the precise time when this dream of ages is beginning to cease to be one.

For dream it no longer is: men are learning to fly, and, as if the sudden triumph of the rival theories had put them on their mettle, the champions of the lighter-than-air craft have simultaneously produced those marvelous and mighty ships of the air of which Count Zeppelin's appears to be the most successful example.

Although it may be technically true that the gasoline engine was not a necessity to human flight or to the dirigibility of balloons, it is none the less certain that its contributions to them were so tremendous as to appear to have actually determined their occurrence.

In the past century various attempts were made in both directions, both with the mere use of man's muscular strength and with engines of various kinds—steam, electricity, compressed air, carbonic gas, ammonia, ether, and even gunpowder—but none achieved a degree of success in any way comparable with the very first attempts made with the gasoline motor: those of Zeppelin and of Santos-Dumont on their first dirigible balloons of 1899 and 1900, and of the Wright brothers on their first aeroplane of 1903.

In the last four or five years great efforts have been made towards building special motors of extremely reduced weight for aeronautical use. Herring, Levavasseur, Esnault-Pelterie, and others have designed some very light engines, which are marvels of compactness and ingenuity, but it is a question whether in some cases reliability has not been too hastily sacrificed to lightness of construction. Glenn H. Curtiss and the Italian Anzani, who were both motor-cycle constructors, have turned out very successful motors, while the Gnôme rotary motor, in which the seven cylinders disposed starlike around the crank-case revolve at great speed, doing away with fly-wheel and water-cooling, has just covered itself with glory at Rheims, where it carried both Paulhan and Farman as long as they wished or as their fuel lasted, enabling them to beat all world's records for sustained flight. The only trouble experienced with it at first was in the lubrication of the whirling

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cylinders, but this has been overcome, as the results show. On Sommer's Farman biplane is an ordinary automobile four-cylinder motor (Vivinus); he imitated in this the Wrights, whose motor weighs seven or eight pounds to the horse-power, and, curiously enough, was the first man to surpass their records, when, on August 7, he flew for two hours twenty-seven minutes fifteen seconds.

Besides Farman, Paulhan, Sommer, and Wright, the only other man who has flown for over two hours is Hubert Latham, on his swift Antoinette monoplane—the most birdlike aeroplane yet made. Both the machine and engine are built by Levavasseur, who, after struggling for five years with the radiation, lubrication, ignition, and carburation of the many cylinders of his featherweight engine, seems at last to be giving it some of the reliability it so long lacked. After enabling the first aeroplane flights in Europe to be made, three years ago, the Antoinette has now beaten every speed record from twenty to ninety-five miles.

The successes of the Wrights and of Sommer show, however, that so light an engine is far from being a necessity. As a matter of fact, and this may sound strange, a very light motor means a great deal more to the dirigible balloon than it does to the aeroplane; and if, when reliable, it is an improvement for the latter, for the former it would seem to represent nothing less than its only hope of ultimate success in strong winds, by enabling it to increase the relation of power to size. With a gas-bag, every ounce of useless weight counts against its efficiency, and, in the same way that every added horse-power to a railway engine, an automobile, a boat, a submarine, or a motor sled increases their speed, so it is with the dirigible, provided only it has the required solidity of construction to meet the increased air-resistance. With an aeroplane, however, entirely novel conditions are met. Weight is not the flying-machine's enemy in the way popularly supposed, and every aeroplane of a given surface and power, and offering a given resistance to the air, needs to weigh a given amount to maintain its best speed; in other words, to attain a certain speed the thrust of the propeller cannot alone be considered, but must be carefully taken into consideration with the surface, the resistance of the air, and the weight. On several occasions within the last three years an aeroplane fitted with an engine too powerful for it has had its speed increased by reducing its surface or increasing its weight, or both. The biplane on which Orville Wright recently made his successful trials at Fort Myer is a much faster machine than the one he tried there last year. Yet the engine is the same and the weight is the same, but the surfaces and the vertical resistance to the air are considerably less.

Furthermore, had Wright had the option of making his cross-country speed test unaccompanied by a passenger, there seems good reason to believe that he would not have availed himself of it. The passenger presented a further resistance to the air, but his weight gave an added speed to the biplane, which, no doubt, counterbalanced this. A machine which can carry an added weight will, under nearly all circumstances, fly better with it than without, provided it does not change the position of the center of gravity. This apparent anomaly—adding weight to increase the speed—was not discovered yesterday; it is some three hundred and twelve years ago since one William Shakespeare wrote—

> "And as the thing that's heavy in itself
> Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed,"

when describing the flight at Shrewsbury of Northumberland's forces, "heavy in Hotspur's loss," and he certainly was not the first to observe that a burden increases the speed of a bird. A given aeroplane has its own minimum and maximum speeds, and the difference between them is comparatively small; this is because the angle which the plane—or, to be precise, the chord of the curve of the plane—makes with the direction of flight is dependent on the speed, and cannot vary much with safety. Every aeroplane has a critical angle of incidence, and if it can attain this angle with the motor it has, a more powerful motor of the same weight will in almost all cases be more of a detriment than a benefit, as far as speed is concerned. As to how small the normal angle of incidence can be made—in other words, how near the horizontal the planes

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can be when the direction of flight is horizontal—this must be left to the constructive ability of the designer and builder, a small angle of attack being, one might say, one of the main standards of excellence in an aeroplane built for speed.

Aeroplanes so far have not exceeded fifty miles an hour; but this speed will undoubtedly increase, and it is necessary that it should if the machine is to cope with strong head winds, and especially with strong cross winds and air eddies, which at present are really the thorn in the side of practical aviation. The problem of lifting one's self above the earth is an easy one to solve compared with that of balancing one's self when once in flight; and the lateral equilibrium of aeroplanes might be called the question of the hour. The advocates of voluntary and of automatic control have both strong arguments to support their cases, but it would seem that ultimately the former will be resorted to, possibly with the aid of the gyroscope, which, however, in this application, is so far a more or less mysterious factor. Flexible wing tips are used on many machines, and the method of warping the extremities of the planes by the aid of a lever and wires, as embodied in the Wright flier, seems a remarkably ingenious solution. The big biplane can turn in an astonishingly short space, and by flying on a circular course in a twenty-five-mile wind they have shown that they can brave quite a strong gust or cross current; Bleriot's smaller monoplane—the one in which he crossed the Straits of Dover—has the same lateral control, while the Antoinettes have the movable wing tips. Another machine which has shown sterling qualities in a twenty-mile breeze is Paulhan's Voisin biplane, and this was all the more remarkable as the lack of lateral stability had been so far the main fault of this type of machine. On a similar biplane Bunau-Varilla has also done well in a wind. The ability to steer in all directions and stay on an even keel in a high wind is perhaps the most important question to be solved, but it will no doubt be less of a problem when aeroplanes go faster. As to how fast they *will* go, it seems hard to foretell; many prophesy a fantastic speed of three or four hundred miles an hour, and even more; others say that the present velocities will be but slightly exceeded, and that flying-machines will fall far short of the maximum speeds attained by automobiles and motor-cycles—127 and 135 miles an hour. It is certain that around 150 miles an hour problems will arise, such as the resistance of the air and the behavior of propellers at such a speed, which will take a lot of solving. Surfaces will, no doubt, be reduced to a minimum, and light motors will certainly be necessary then, far lighter than those dreamed of now by the designers, and possibly of a totally different nature, but there seems no reason why this velocity of over two hundred feet a second should not be reached by the machines of the future.

Another question often put is: What weight will the flying-machine of the future be able to carry, and what will be its radius of action without alighting? Although the genius of man appears to slowly, but surely, overcome all difficulties, it cannot very well be seen how the aeroplane will ever be a weight-carrier. The power and surface needed increase at so much more rapid a ratio than its carrying capacity that a limit is quickly reached; it is the same principle which makes good fliers of small birds and condemns the emu, cassowary, and ostrich to never leave the earth. The present machines can carry two or three men, and in the near future five or six men will, no doubt, soar on the same flier—perhaps more, but not many. Professor Graham Bell built recently a huge air-craft composed of a very large number of the tetrahedral cells patented by him some years ago. It is claimed that, by adding to the number of cells, the lifting power of such a machine can be increased in direct ratio to its size, and the solution of the problem may lie along these lines; the machine, however, did not rise, and one cannot help wondering what the resistance of the air to the edges of the countless cells amounts to. As to the aeroplane's radius of action, it would seem that this will be sufficient for all practical purposes; even now it is a question whether any one would have the endurance to drive some of the latest machines as long as the fuel which they are capable of taking aloft would propel them. Farman was exhausted at the end

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of his record-breaking flight on August 27, and when be alighted, he had used only two-thirds of his gasoline. Farman, let it be said, was a famous automobile race driver before taking to aviation, and won the grueling Paris-Vienna race in 1902—nine hundred miles in twenty hours. Another point much discussed is the relative merits of the single-plane and double-plane machines. But there seems no reason why just one special kind of aeroplane should be pre-eminently better than any other. Machines built in dozens of different ways have left the ground, and of the six types which have been so successful lately each has its advantages: The monoplanes (Bleriot and Antoinette) have great speed, and a wind of from fifteen to twenty miles an hour does not bother them. Among the biplanes, the Wrights have a wonderful control—can take very sharp turns and fly in a strong wind; they are great weight carriers for their size. The Curtisses are phenomenally fast, and can hold their own with the swiftest monoplanes, as the result of the Gordon-Bennett Cup shows; they are very sensitive to their vertical or depth rudder, as are also the Farmans, which are much slower, but which can carry fuel for eight or nine hours, if need be. The Voisins, lastly, are also reliable, and Paulhan has shown that they can fly in a wind. His confidence in his machine is clearly shown by the heights to which he ascends in it.

But perhaps, after all, the aeroplane is only a transitory form of flying-machine, for it is a question whether man will be for many years satisfied with a machine that cannot rise perpendicularly from the ground and alight in the same manner; it is held by many that the planes will ultimately disappear and be entirely replaced by propellers revolving horizontally on vertical shafts, thus getting a direct lift and making the machine a helicopter. Certainly more wonderful things have happened, but at present the helicopter is shunned by all but a few inventors; for outside of the difficulties of execution, there is the very obvious danger attending a stoppage of the engine once it has succeeded in rising, and this notwithstanding the most ingenious contrivances to check the ensuing fall. Helicoplanes, or aeroplanes with horizontal propellers, have been experimented with in France, but without much success; apparently the only way one could combine the two types would be if the planes could be turned in a vertical position with their edges to the wind when rising and alighting. However distant the practical helicopter appears to be, there is one type of flying-machine which seems infinitely less promising of ultimate fulfillment, and, curiously enough, it is that on which more thought has probably been expended than on any other kind—the flapping-wing machine, or ornithopter. As a direct imitation of birds it is what first suggested itself to the investigator of the problem of mechanical flight, and there are men even to-day who aver that the absolute conquest of the air can only be accomplished by an exact replica of nature's flying-machines. To this may be readily answered, however, that when man created vehicles to go on land, he did not affix artificial legs to them; he invented the wheel, a thing to which there is no parallel in nature; and that, now that he wishes to fly, he sees no reason why he should undertake the herculean and, no doubt, impossible task of imitating by mechanical means such a marvelous thing as the motion of a bird's wing, when his inventive genius has evolved so wonderful an agent for propelling craft through fluids—liquid or gaseous—as the screw propeller.

An appreciation of the rôle the propeller has so far played in lifting aeroplanes into the air and keeping them there, is beyond the scope of this article; suffice it to say that more than anything else is this genial invention responsible for the results reached to date in what will ultimately be the "conquest of the air," and, no doubt, its improvement and judicious use will probably have no small part in completing it. However hackneyed a phrase and much abused an expression are the words "conquest of the air," they will one day denote an actual condition, but it will be a protracted struggle, with its share, no doubt, of victims and of setbacks. The last few years have seen the revolutionary triumph of the flying-machine over gravity; the coming years will see its evolutionary subjugation of the treacherous element into which it has launched itself.

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THE FREE NEGRO IN SLAVERY DAYS

BY BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

THE THIRD ARTICLE IN THE STORY OF THE NEGRO

SOME time in the fall of 1828, Benjamin Lundy, the Quaker abolitionist, met by accident, in a Boston boarding-house, a young man by the name of William Lloyd Garrison, who was then publishing a total abstinence newspaper, the National Philanthropist. The next year, after returning from a visit to a colony of emancipated slaves which he had succeeded in settling in the island of Hayti, Lundy announced in his paper that William Lloyd Garrison had joined him at Baltimore, Maryland, and would henceforth be associated with him in the publication, at that city, of the Genius of Universal Emancipation, the first abolition newspaper in the United States.

This meeting of Benjamin Lundy and William Lloyd Garrison and their subsequent association in Baltimore mark the point in time when the agitation for the emancipation of the Negro was transferred from the Southern to the Northern States, and slavery became, for the first time, a National issue. After the Southampton uprising, in 1831, the abolition societies which up to that time had existed in different parts of the South almost wholly disappeared. With the exception of a few individuals like Cassius M. Clay, who as late as 1845 published an anti-slavery weekly, the True American, at Lexington, Kentucky, there was no public opposition to slavery in any of the Southern States.

Opposition to slavery, though silenced in the South, never wholly ceased there, and the evidence of its existence was the free Negro. In spite of the efforts that were made to limit and check emancipation of the slaves, the number of free Negroes continued to increase in the Southern as well as the Northern States, and the existence of this class of persons was the silent protest of the Southern slaveholder against the system which he publicly defended and upheld.

Under the conditions of slavery, the position of the free Negro was a very uncomfortable one. He was in a certain sense an anomaly, since he did not belong to either class. He was distrusted by the white people and looked down upon by the slaves. In spite of this fact, individual slaveholders—sometimes by providing in their wills for the emancipation and transportation of their slaves to a free State or to Liberia, sometimes by permitting individual slaves to buy their own freedom —were constantly adding to the number of "free persons of color." Among the most illustrious of those who freed their slaves were George Washington, John Randolph, and Chief Justice Roger B. Taney, author of the famous Dred Scott decision.

When a master liberated his slaves by will, it was frequently with the explanation, expressed or understood, that he believed slavery was morally wrong. When he allowed them to buy their own freedom, it was a practical recognition that the system was economically a mistake, since the slave who could purchase his own freedom was one whom it did not pay to hold as a slave. This fact was clearly recognized by a planter in Mississippi, who declared that he had found it paid to allow the slaves to buy their freedom. In order to encourage them to do this, he devised a method by which they might purchase their freedom in installments. After they had saved a certain amount of money by extra labor, he permitted them to buy one day's freedom a week. With this much capital invested in themselves they were then able to purchase, in a much shorter time, a second, a third, and a fourth day's freedom, until they were entirely free.

A somewhat similar method was sometimes adopted by certain ambitious freedmen for purchasing the freedom of their families. In such a case the father would purchase, for instance, a son or a daughter. The children would then join with their father in purchasing the other members of the family. It was in this way, I have been informed by Mr. Monroe Work, who is at present a teacher at Tuskegee, that his grandfather purchased

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his wife and ten of his children, including Mr. Work's father. The grandfather, Henry Work, after securing his own freedom, went first to Cincinnati, and then to Decatur, Michigan, where he owned a farm, and on this farm he and his children earned the money to purchase one by one the other members of the family. How much it cost the family to free itself in this way Mr. Work says he was unable to learn. He knows, however, that his father sold at one time for $1,400. When Henry Work died, there were still three of his children in slavery whom he had not been able to redeem. Ex-President Gibson, of the Negro State of Liberia, told me that his father purchased himself and most of the other members of the family in installments and transported them to Liberia. Two sons, who did not care to go back to Africa, were left in slavery in this country, but with the understanding that after a certain time they were to become free.

In this and other ways, in spite of the fact that there were at this time something like 30,000 fugitives in Canada and 20,000 colonists in Africa and elsewhere, the number of free Negroes in the United States increased from 59,466 in 1790 to 434,495 in 1860. This was about ten per cent of the whole Negro population at that time. Of these free Negroes considerably more than half—262,000—were in the Southern States. In the South, the three States of Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina contained by far the largest number of the "free citizens of color," as they were sometimes called. At the census of 1860 the slave population of Maryland was something like 87,000 and the number of free Negroes was 83,942. From 1830 to 1860 the slave population of Maryland decreased nearly 16,000, while the population of free Negroes increased something over 31,000.

In estimating the number of slaves who were, in one way or another, given their freedom by their masters, some account should be taken of those who were, for one reason or another, re-enslaved. A free Negro might be sold into slavery to pay taxes or to pay fines, and in Maryland free Negroes might be sold into perpetual slavery for the crime of entering the State. In 1829 the practice of selling any free Negro who could not account for himself, in order to pay the jail fines, had become such a scandal as to attract public attention.

There were other means by which a considerable number of free Negroes were re-enslaved. The practice of kidnapping, in spite of severe laws against it in all the Southern States, was carried on to a very great extent. In his book on the domestic slave trade, Professor Collins, of Claremont College, Hickory, North Carolina, estimates that the number of free Negroes kidnapped and sold into slavery "must have ranged from a few hundred to two or three thousand," and he adds, "it appears quite certain that as many were kidnapped as escaped from bondage, if not more." [1]

A disposition to free slaves for personal considerations of one kind or another began at a very early period. In York and Henrico Counties, Virginia, as far back as the middle of the seventeenth century we find records of the emancipation of Negro slaves. For example, Thomas Whitehead, of York, emancipated his slave John, and bequeathed to him, among other things, two cows and the use of a house and as much ground as he could cultivate. He further showed his confidence in the discretion and the integrity of this Negro slave by appointing him guardian of Mary Rogers, a ward of Mr. Whitehead. He also made him trustee of her property, but the court refused to allow him to fill either one or the other of these positions.[2] Another instance recorded about this time was that of John Carter, of Lancaster, Virginia, who was one of the largest slaveholders in the colony. He gave freedom to two of his Negro slaves who were married to each other. To each he gave a cow and a calf and three barrels of Indian corn. He also instructed his heirs to allow them the use of convenient firewood, timber, and as much land as they could cultivate. He provided that the two daughters of this couple should receive their liberty when they reached their eighteenth year, and, as a provision for them when they reached

[1] "The Domestic Slave Trade of the Southern States," by Winfield H. Collins, M.A., p. 94.
[2] "Economic History of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century," by Philip A. Bruce, Vol. II, p. 123.

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that age, he gave each a yearling with its increase, which was to be permitted to run with the cattle of his wife after his death.[1]

In the interval between 1635 and 1700, although the Negro slaves were few in number, and most of the labor was performed by white servants, there were a number of persons of African blood in the colony of Virginia who raised themselves to positions of some importance. Several of them were able to write at a time when there were very few schools and education was a decided luxury. Several had obtained patents to land. For instance, in 1654, one hundred acres of land in Northampton County were granted to Richard Johnson, a Negro, and in the description of this tract reference was made to the contiguous estates of John Johnston and Anthony Johnson, both Negroes. There are in the records of Northampton County, also, evidences that a suit was begun by Anthony Johnson for the purpose of recovering his Negro servant.

During the early years of slavery the free Negroes seem to have had about the same rights under the law that other free persons had, except, as I have already stated, they were not allowed to hold persons of white blood as bond-servants. It appears that, until after the Revolution, Negro freemen were allowed to vote in every State except Georgia and South Carolina. Between 1792 and 1834 the four bordering States Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and Kentucky denied the suffrage to the Negro. In North Carolina, Negroes who paid a public tax took part in the election until 1835, when a new Constitution excluded them from the suffrage. New Jersey took away the suffrage of the Negro in 1807, Connecticut in 1814, and Pennsylvania in 1838. New York, in 1821, required from Negroes an unusually high property qualification.[2]

These changes were all evidences of the steady growth in the United States, both North and South, of a caste system which excluded the Negro from the ordinary privileges of citizenship exclusively upon the ground of his color. In 1803 Ohio demanded a bond of five hundred dollars for Negroes who came into the State. A Negro, even though a free man, could not at that time testify in a case in which a white man was a party, and Negroes were not admitted to the public schools. Similar provisions were made by Illinois, Indiana, and Iowa when they became States. Illinois prohibited the entrance of Negroes to the State at any time. In 1833 Judge Daggett, of Connecticut, twenty-four years before the Dred Scott decision, held that a free Negro was a person and not a citizen. That was in the trial of the case against Prudence Crandall, the young Quakeress who had established a school for Negroes in Canterbury, Connecticut, contrary to a law which provided that no school could be established for colored people who were not inhabitants of Connecticut.

The effect of the agitation for abolition seems to have been that the condition of the free Negroes grew steadily worse, particularly in the Southern States. In some of these States they were forbidden to sell drugs, in others they might not sell wheat and tobacco, and in still others to peddle market produce or own a boat was against the law. In several States it was against the law for a free Negro to cross the State line; in others, a slave who was emancipated was compelled immediately to leave the State.

Notwithstanding the hardships and difficulties under which the free Negro population labored both in the North and in the South, those who have had occasion to study the local history of the Southern States have found that the number of Negroes who had succeeded in making some impression upon their community, either by their native qualities or by their success in business, was more considerable than is usually imagined. Solomon Humphreys, for instance, after purchasing his freedom, became a well-known business man in Georgia. Benjamin Lundy found at San Antonio a Negro who, after purchasing his own freedom and that of his wife and family, had become the owner of several houses and lots.[1]

The number of free Negroes in North Carolina was considerable because, in spite of the rigorous laws against the

[1] "Economic History of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century," Bruce, Vol. II, p. 124.
[2] Hart's "Slavery and Abolition," pp. 53, 83.

[1] *Cf.* Hart's "Slavery and Anti-Slavery," p. 90.

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free colored people, conditions were more lenient than those of any other Southern State. The result was that many free Negroes crossed into North Carolina and settled, undisturbed, in the northern and southern counties. Speaking of this class of people, Professor John Spencer Bassett says:

> They were well-diggers, shoemakers, blacksmiths, fiddlers, hucksters, peddlers, and so forth. Besides, they were easily called in to help the whites on occasions of need. There were a very few who accumulated money, and some of these became slave-owners. Although it was against the law for them to come into the State, their arrival was tolerated both because the law was recognized as severe and because their services were wanted in the community. Many of them had Indian blood in their veins, and when such was the case, they were a little distant toward the slaves. . . . I have been speaking of free Negroes who lived in the country districts. In towns they fared better and accumulated wealth.[1]

Professor Bassett gives an account of several free Negroes of whom he had been able to obtain records, who were citizens of New Berne, Craven County, North Carolina. One of the men to whom he refers was John C. Stanley, the son of an African-born slave woman, who was liberated by the General Assembly under the petition of Mrs. Lydia Stewart, his mistress. Because he got his start in the barber business he was generally known as "Barber Jack." He became the owner of several plantations, on which he employed sixty-four slaves of whom he was the owner, and as many more bound free Negroes. He had three sons, John, Alexander, and Charles. John became an expert bookkeeper, and was employed in that capacity by a prominent firm. John C. Stanley amassed a fortune —or what was supposed to be a fortune in those days—of something like $40,000. Speaking of some of the other successful Negroes of whom he was able to obtain the records, Professor Bassett says:

> Many of the free Negroes were in circumstances of independent thrift, and from many parts of the State I have had evidence that some Negroes were slaveholders. In New Berne especially there were a number of such thrifty colored men. Notable among these was John Good. He was a son of his master, and for a long time a slave. When the master died, his two surviving children, who were daughters, had but little property besides this boy, John, who was a barber. John took up the task of supporting them. He boarded them in good houses and otherwise provided for them well. His faithfulness won him many friends among the best citizens, and when both of his mistresses were married, these friends united to persuade the owners to liberate him as a reward for his services. . . . There were other thrifty and notable free Negroes in the same place, as, for example, John Y. Green, a carpenter and contractor; Richard Hazel, a blacksmith of means; Albert and Freeman Morris, described as "two nice young men," and thoroughly respected, tailors by trade; and Scipio, slave of Dr. Hughes, who was a blacksmith and owner of a livery stable. Another was Fellow Bragg, a tailor, who was thoroughly conscientious, and so good a workman that prominent people were known to move their custom to the shops at which he was employed in order that he might work on it. Most of these men moved to Cincinnati sooner or later. What became of them I do not know. The conditions here recorded for New Berne were not unusual for North Carolina towns in general. Everywhere there were usually a number of prosperous free Negroes. Most of them were mulattoes, not a few of them were set free by their fathers, and thus they fell easily into the life around them.[1]

Among the descendants of the free colored people of New Berne, North Carolina, with whom I am personally acquainted is the Hon. John P. Green, who was for twelve years a justice of the peace in Cleveland, Ohio, four years a member of the Ohio House of Representatives, two years a member of the State Senate, and for nine years at the head of the Postage-Stamp Distribution Bureau of Washington, filling in the intervals of his public service with practice at the Cleveland bar. His father was a master tailor in New Berne, and a member of a family of free colored people whose traditions go back something more than one hundred years.

Charles W. Chesnutt, author of "The Conjure Woman" and other popular stories of Southern life, descended from free colored people in Fayetteville, North Carolina. Mr. Chesnutt informs me that a colored man by the name of Matthew Leary is still remembered in Fayetteville who before the war was the owner of considerable land, a number of slaves, a brick store in the business part

[1] Johns Hopkins University Studies: "Slavery in the State of North Carolina," by John Spencer Bassett, p. 43.

[1] *Ibid.*, p. 45.

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of the town, and a handsome residence in a good neighborhood. His sons gained some prominence in North Carolina during the Reconstruction era. Matthew Leary, Jr., went into politics and afterward became a clerk in one of the Government offices in Washington. A younger brother, Hon. John S. Leary, was the first colored man in North Carolina to be admitted to the bar, of which he remained a respected member until he died, at Charlotte, N. C. He was, I understand, at one time a member of the North Carolina Legislature.

Another of the successful free colored people of North Carolina was James D. Sampson, who began life as a house carpenter, and became in the course of time a man of considerable wealth and some local distinction. I have been informed that the Legislature passed a bill granting his family special privileges which were not permitted to other free people of color. His children, John, Benjamin, and Joseph, were all educated in the North. Benjamin graduated from Oberlin College, and afterward became a teacher at Wilberforce, Ohio. John P. Sampson published, at Cincinnati, during the war the Colored Citizen. After the war he was commissioned by General Howard to look after the colored schools established by the Freedmen's Bureau in the Third District of North Carolina. He was elected treasurer and assessor of Wilmington, and was a candidate for Congress, but was defeated because of the fact, it is said, that his father had been the owner of slaves before the war. While it was true that James D. Sampson owned a number of slaves, it is said that many, if not all of them, were held in trust in order to secure them practical freedom. Recently, George M. Sampson, a grandson of James D. Sampson, visited Tuskegee. He is now a teacher in the State Normal School at Tallahassee, Florida.

There is no reason to believe that the colored people of North Carolina made more progress in a material way than they did in some of the other States in the South. For instance, in the city of Charleston, South Carolina, there was a colony of "free persons of color" who were proud of the fact that they sprang from a generation of free ancestors going back to before the Revolutionary War. In the list of taxpayers in the city of Charleston for 1860 the names of three hundred and sixty "persons of color" whose property was assessed in that year are given. They owned real estate which was valued for taxation at $724,570. Of these three hundred and sixty taxpayers, one hundred and thirty owned slaves, aggregating three hundred and ninety in number. The largest number of slaves held by a colored person was fourteen. In this list of "persons of color" thirteen are classed as Indians, but it is quite certain that these so-called Indians were largely mixed with Negro blood. Like so many other communities, there were Indians in Charleston who had been but partially absorbed by colored people with whom they had been associated.

In 1860 the population of Charleston was 48,409, of whom 26,969 were white, 17,655 slaves, and 3,785 were "free persons of color." It would appear from the figures given that these free colored people probably owned, including slaves, a million dollars' worth of property. Among the slaves held by colored people of Charleston were a number who were actually free men and only nominally slaves. For instance, Richard Holloway, who was a prominent man among the free colored people in Charleston, owned Charles Benford, who was his friend, and with him one of the leaders in the Methodist Church at that time. The circumstances were these: Charles Benford had arranged with his white master to purchase his freedom, but at that time the laws were such that it was difficult for a master to free his slaves, particularly if the slave purchased his own freedom. In order to get around this law, Charles Benford asked his friend Richard Holloway to purchase him, Benford himself furnishing the money for the purchase.

There were a number of other slaves held in trust by the free colored people of Charleston. The wealthiest family in Charleston among the free colored people were the Westons. They had among the various members of the family taxable property to the amount of $80,000. They also owned thirty-six slaves, nine of whom they held as trustees. It is said that the number of slaves held by St.

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Philip's Church, which was the aristocratic church of the city, amounted to somewhat over one hundred. These consisted for the most part of slaves who had actually bought their freedom and whom the church held in trust.

Of the free colored people of Louisiana, of whom there were a very considerable number before the war, many were slaveholders and large owners of land. There were a number of settlements of Creole Negroes, as they were called, in various parts of Louisiana. When Frederick Law Olmsted visited that State in 1853, he visited one of these settlements in the neighborhood of Natchitoches. The information which he obtained in regard to these people was to the effect that they were "honest and industrious and paid their debts quite as promptly as the white planters, and were, as far as any one could judge, good citizens in all respects"! One of them, he learned, had lately spent $40,000 in a lawsuit, and it is believed that they were increasing in wealth. Several of these colored planters were worth four or five hundred thousand dollars. The little town of Washington, near Opelousas, in St. Landry Parish, was formerly called Negroville, from the number of free Negroes living in that village. A number of them, according to Olmsted, were wealthy and thriving. They owned some of the best cotton and sugar plantations.

"An intelligent man whom I met at Washington," he said, "who had been traveling most of the time for two years in the plantation districts, told me that the free Negroes in the State in general, so far as he had observed, were equal in all respects to the white Creoles. Much the larger part of them were poor, thriftless, unambitious, and lived wretchedly, but there were many opulent, intelligent, and educated. The best house and most tasteful grounds that he had visited in the State had belonged to a nearly full-blooded Negro—a very dark man. He and his family were well educated, and, though French in their habitual tongue, they spoke English with a liberal tongue, and one much more eloquent than most of the liberally educated whites. They had a private tutor in their family, and owned, he thought, a hundred and fifty slaves."

It is near here, in the adjoining parish of St. Martin, that my friend Paul Chretien lived. His father was a free colored man who made his money in the neighborhood of Calcasieu, but afterward returned to St. Martin and built himself a beautiful home there, in which his son, whose name I have mentioned, is now living.

A considerable portion of the Negro population of Mobile, Alabama, at the present day are the descendants of these Creole Negroes, whose freedom was guaranteed to them by the French treaty which transferred Louisiana to the United States in 1803. There is an island in Mobile Bay, about twenty miles below the city, Mon Louis Island, which is owned by the descendants of two families. The lower end of the island was settled by veterans of the Revolutionary War, who lived to a great age; the upper part of the island was settled by a man known as Captain Jack Collins, but his real name was Maximilian Collins, who settled on this island in 1808. He left a large tract of land to his descendants, with the injunction that they should sell none of it; it has remained in their hands up to the present time, and there has grown up there, as a result, a little patriarchal colony made up of the descendants of the free Negro Captain Jack and the descendants of his slaves. The oldest living descendant of this patriarch is the widow of the late Belthair Durette, who had seventy-two grandchildren and fifty-two great-grandchildren, ninety-seven of whom are living in this community of Mon Louis.

I have mentioned here several cases which indicate that even in the South, and before the Civil War, the Negro had made some progress along material lines. It is impossible to tell, of course, how much property these people possessed. But the aggregate value of the property of the 262,000 free Negroes in the South in 1860 has been estimated at something like twenty-five millions of dollars. I should judge, from what I have been able to learn, that that was a low estimate.

The question might very well be asked, considering the success that individuals were able to achieve before the war, why it was that the great mass of the Negro people who were free did not do better.

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In reply to that I might say that there were the same reasons and others why the Negro should not get on or succeed that there were why the class known as the "poor whites" in the South did not succeed. If the conditions of slavery operated to keep the poor white man in a low stage of civilization, they certainly operated to keep the free Negro in a still lower stage.

Not only did the free people of color have to meet all the difficulties to which I have referred, but it was against the law for them to meet together in any large number in order to co-operate to improve their condition. The great benefits of co-operation, which go so far to extend to the mass of individuals the benefits which are obtained by a few, were denied them.

In spite of this fact, in Charleston, Baltimore, Washington, New York, and in other places where there were large numbers of free Negroes, little societies for mutual helpfulness were established. For instance, in 1790 there was formed in Charleston what was known as the "Brown Fellowship Society." This society was started at the suggestion of the director of St. Philip's, of which a number of free Negroes were members. Besides cultivating a spirit of fellowship among its members, it sought to provide school privileges for their children and to provide relief and extend aid to worthy persons of their color. One of the first things they did was to purchase a burial lot for their dead. This organization befriended helpless orphans; one of these orphans was the well-known Bishop Daniel A. Payne, the founder of Wilberforce University. This organization still maintains its existence, and celebrated a few years ago its centennial. The records have all been preserved, and one of the most interesting of these is that which commemorates, in a formal way, the expulsion of one of its members on suspicion of having assisted in kidnapping and selling into slavery a free colored man. The success of this first organization led to the establishment of other similar organizations. The Humane and Friendly Society was established in 1802; the Friendly Union, in 1813; and later still, the Friendly Moralist and the Brotherly Association and the Unity and Friendship. Each of these had its own burial plot and system of mutual benefit.

After the attempted conspiracy of Denmark Vesey in 1822 all these organizations came under suspicion, and there was a time when they were kept up under the greatest difficulties, but they never ceased to exist. There were similar organizations, as I have said, in several of the larger cities of the South. Frederick Douglass, while living in Baltimore, attended one of these societies, known as the "East Baltimore Mutual Improvement Society." This society was formed by a number of free colored young men who, like Frederick Douglass, were engaged as ship-calkers. In this organization he frequently took prominent part, although, being a slave, he would naturally have been excluded. He has said that the society of the young men he met there aided him considerably in completing the education that he had already begun in secret. As Baltimore probably had more free colored people at the time than any other city, with the exception of Washington, it was natural that there should be a large number of these societies of a literary and mutual benefit and benevolent character. Baltimore, in fact, seems to have been the home of the Negro mutual benefit societies, many of which, now in existence, date back to 1820.

The New York African Society, for mutual relief, which has been in existence for over a hundred years in New York City, held its first meeting in a colored school house in Rose Street in 1808, nearly twenty years before the final emancipation of the slaves in New York State. Although it has not increased its membership in recent years, this society has become, I understand, comparatively wealthy as a result of its earlier investments. The first property owned by this society was on Baxter Street, not far from the spot that afterward became notorious under the name of Five Points. It was purchased in 1820 for $1,800, and when it was sold later the funds were used to purchase a five-story flat at No. 43 West Sixty-sixth Street and another building at No. 27 Greenwich Avenue, both of which the society still owns.

In Maryland these beneficial organizations were especially exempt from the

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general prohibition against public meetings of free colored people. In other places in the Southern States there was no such exemption, and, although the law was usually got around in some way or other, not infrequently members of these organizations were arrested, fined, and sometimes sent to prison. Frederick Law Olmsted records one such instance in Washington, D. C., in the first chapter of his "Journey in the Seaboard Slave States."

He says:

The colored population voluntarily sustain several churches, schools, and mutual assistance and improvement societies, and there are evidently persons among them of no inconsiderable cultivation of mind. Among the police reports of the city newspapers, there was lately (April, 1855) an account of the apprehension of twenty-four "genteel colored men" (so they were described) who had been found by a watchman assembling privately in the evening, and been lodged in the watch-house. The object of their meeting appears to have been purely benevolent, and, when they were examined before a magistrate in the morning, no evidence was offered, nor does there seem to have been any suspicion that they had any criminal purpose. On searching their persons, there were found a Bible, a volume of Seneca's "Morals," "Life in Earnest," the printed constitution of a society the object of which was said to be "to relieve the sick and bury the dead," and a subscription paper "to purchase the freedom of Eliza Howard," a young woman, whom her owner was willing to sell at $650. I can think of nothing that would speak higher for the character of a body of poor men, servants and laborers, than to find, by chance, in their pockets just such things as these.[1]

Nothing contributed more to keep the free Negroes from making greater advancement than they did during the period of slavery than the fact that they were not allowed to organize and unite their efforts for their own improvement in any large way. On the other hand, nothing has more prevented and held back the progress of the colored people since slavery than the fact that they have had to learn how to unite their efforts in order to improve their condition.

SUMMER VESPER SERMONS

THE TEMPLE: THE CONSCIENCE

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

The lamp of the body is the eye: if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light. But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!—Matt. vi. 22, 23.

EVERY man has some capacity to distinguish between the beautiful and the ugly—we call it taste; a capacity to distinguish between the expedient and the inexpedient—we call it judgment; a capacity to distinguish between right and wrong—we call it conscience. Neither of these faculties is infallible. He may admire what is not admirable, colors that shout and colors that swear at one another; his taste is bad. He may distinguish poorly between the expedient and the inexpedient, may judge that to be true which is only agreeable, and a course of conduct to be wise merely because he desires to pursue it; his judgment is bad. He may think that to be right which is wrong, and that to be wrong which is right; he may call evil good and good evil, put darkness for light and light for darkness, put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter; his conscience plays him false. Similarly, he may be clubfooted or short-sighted, but still he has feet and eyes. Every normal person possesses these three capacities—taste, judgment, conscience—as every normal person has feet and eyes. But the one faculty is no more the voice of God than the other. The conscience is one of the lights to lighten the pilgrim on his way. It is the most important of the three because moral distinctions are more

[1] "Journey in the Seaboard Slave States," by Frederick Law Olmsted, pp. 14–15.

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important than distinctions in taste or distinctions in policy. But as one may be color-blind, so one may be morally blind. If so, if the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness! Charles Cuthbert Hall has graphically portrayed in few words the contrast between a diseased and a healthy conscience:

> The diseases of conscience are more terrible than leprosy. It may become deaf to the Divine witness; blind to the distinctions of right and wrong; corrupt and abominable in its perverted relation to desire; deceitful and cruel in its sanctionings of conduct; paralyzed through deliberate misuse; seared as with a hot iron. Health of conscience is more beautiful than bodily perfection. It is the virility of the soul: alert, well balanced, clear-eyed, rejoicing not in iniquity, but rejoicing in the truth; sane in judgment, ruling desire with the hand of right reason; courageous in goodness; happy in the felicity of correspondence with the eternal right.[1]

No man, therefore, may say, Whatsoever seems to me right is right to me, any more than he can say, Whatsoever seems to me true is true to me, or, Whatsoever seems to me beautiful is beautiful to me. A crude chromo is not made equal to a Rembrandt or a Titian because the uneducated taste cannot see the difference. Folly is not made wise because the fool cannot distinguish between them. Neither is right made wrong or wrong right because the light that is in the obtuse soul is darkness. It is not enough to follow one's conscience, it is also necessary to educate it.

There are four rules to be observed, or four methods to be pursued, to keep the light that is within us from becoming darkness, to make and keep it luminous and illuminating.

I. As there are standards of art by which we may educate our taste, so there are standards of right and wrong by which we may educate our conscience. That standard may be found in wise words of wise men; but better is it to be found in the great lives of truly great men.

"Worship of a Hero," says Carlyle, "is transcendent admiration of a Great Man. I say great men are still admirable; I say there is at bottom nothing else admirable! No nobler policy than this of admiration for one higher than himself dwells in the breast of man." Every healthy boy finds in history some hero to idealize, admire, or imitate: a Lincoln, a Grant, a Lee, a Jefferson, a Washington; or, looking abroad, a Gladstone, a Cromwell, a William of Orange. Blessed is the child who finds the hero in his own father or mother. He first idealizes, then reveres, then imitates his hero, measures himself by the object of his hero worship, brings his conscience up to the standard of a life higher than his own. Cynicism darkens the conscience; the cynic begins by disbelieving in the goodness of men, and ends by disbelieving in goodness altogether. The spirit of universal suspicion tends to personal degeneration. He who allows himself to believe that all men are liars easily comes to believe that sincerity is a fiction of the preachers and the poets. He adjusts his conscience to his lowered ideals of humanity.

Most human heroes lose something of the heroic as we learn more fully their character and their lives. Some heroic elements may appear grander; but other elements not so grand are revealed. The reader of Gideon Welles's Diary discovers that professional politicians in Abraham Lincoln's time were not greatly different from professional politicians in our own time: they were, some good, some bad, some mixed. The reader of John Fiske's "American Revolution" discovers that the fathers were not all that our Fourth of July orators had painted them. But there is one hero in human history who, the more his life and character are studied, the more heroic he appears. For the life of Jesus of Nazareth furnishes a standard which the world understands to-day and reveres to-day as it never did before. "Hero worship," again says Carlyle, "heartfelt, prostrate admiration, submissive, burning, boundless, for the noblest godlike Form of Man—is not that the germ of Christianity itself? The greatest of all Heroes is One—whom we do not name here." To make this hero our standard, to measure our ideals by his practice, to bring our conscience up to his life, is the first step in securing that the light within us be not darkness, that the whole soul be made full of light. One need not wait to solve either one's theological or one's historic doubts before accepting this standard. "Religion," says

[1] C. C. Hall, "Christ and the Eastern Soul," p. 87.

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John Stuart Mill, "cannot be said to have made a bad choice in pitching on this man as the ideal representative and guide of humanity; nor, even now, would it be easy, even for an unbeliever, to find a better translation of the rule of virtue from the abstract to the concrete than to endeavor so to live as Christ would approve our life."

II. He who would make and keep his conscience a light to guide his conduct and a force to form his character must apply it to his own life, not to the life of his neighbor. He must act on the aphorism, "Conscience for yourself, not for another." He who habitually employs his conscience as a measuring-rod upon others in time loses the power to employ it as a measuring-rod upon himself. Instead of taking a nobler life than his own by which to test his own conduct, he uses his own life by which to test the lives of others. The twin evil spirits uncharitableness and self-conceit take possession of him, and equally unfit him to judge others or himself. When Christ says, "Judge not, that ye be not judged," he means exactly what he says. We may judge whether a man is adapted to a particular place or work—as a merchant whether the applicant will be a good bookkeeper, or the college whether the candidate is fitted to enter the freshman class. But even the judge on the bench is not to make his conscience the standard for the criminal before him. He judges, not the amount of absolute demerit in the man in the dock; he only judges two things: what is necessary to protect society from the criminal's depredations, and what discipline is necessary to make an honest man out of him. "If," says Thomas à Kempis, "thou canst not make thyself such as thou wouldest be, how canst thou have another to thy liking?" He who would keep his conscience clear-eyed and a keen discriminator should refuse to allow it to pass judgments on others, should keep it solely to its allotted task, that of judging its owner. He will thus change the general question, Is it right to dance, to smoke, to go to the theater, to drive on Sunday? to the specific question, Is it right for *me* to dance, to smoke, to go to the theater, to drive on Sunday? "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? to his own master he standeth or falleth."

III. Conscience should be a prophet rather than a historian. It should stand in the bow of the vessel to pilot it, not in the stern to cast the log. There are a great many persons to whom conscience is only a police officer: it hales them before the court after the deed is done, and submits them to inquisition to determine whether the doing was right or wrong. The time to interrogate conscience is in the morning before the day begins. It is well to forecast the day; to consider beforehand the questions that are likely to arise, to demand of conscience its judgments on those questions, and so to be prepared to meet them with some measure of prevision. This is better than to wait till the day is over and then pass its events in review and call on conscience to pass judgments on what can no longer be changed. This also may be sometimes wise, but chiefly as a preparation for similar events that are likely to recur in ensuing days. Conscience is intended to be our guide rather than our judge; and a judge only that it may be a better guide. We cannot alter yesterday. All we can do is to learn its lessons that we may not repeat the same blunder, run into the same temptation, or commit the same sins to-morrow. More dwelling on the past than is necessary for better and wiser living in the future only tends to either morbid discouragement or morbid self-conceit. Not without significance does Christ compare the conscience to the eyes, which are put in the front of the head that we may see whither we are going, not in the back of the head that we may see where we have gone.

IV. Most important of all the conditions of keeping conscience sensitive and luminous is prompt obedience to its directions. The most common method of making the light that is in us darkness is a refusal to follow the light we have. The process is this: We adopt a course of conduct. Conscience protests. We disregard the protest. Thus we are at odds with ourselves. But to be at odds with ourselves becomes intolerable. We have refused to reconcile our conduct with our conscience. Presently we begin

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to reconcile our conscience with our conduct. First we say, Everybody does it. Then, We must do it. Then, It cannot be very wrong to do what everybody does and what we must do. Conscience is corrupted. It was accuser; it becomes first apologist, then defender. The process of corruption is complete. The light that was in us has become darkness.

Education of conscience by a nobler standard;

Employment of conscience in self-judgment, not in judgment of others;

Prevision of conscience as a preparation for the future, rather than revision by conscience in judgment of the past;

Prompt and loyal obedience to conscience:

These are the four methods—perhaps, rather, I should say four of the methods—for keeping conscience a receiver and a giver of light to the life.

OVER BEMERTON'S[1]

BY EDWARD VERRALL LUCAS

CHAPTER XIX

SOME MODERN CHILDREN ARE PROVIDED WITH SOME VERY CONGENIAL MATERIAL FOR LAUGHTER

ON a fine Sunday afternoon Naomi and I walked through three parks and Kensington Gardens to have tea with the Estabrooks. On Sunday they have a sit-down tea round the schoolroom table: a meal notable for cake and noise.

I put into my pocket a recent discovery at Bemerton's—a little manual for children belonging to the early eighteenth century, entitled "The Polite Academy, or School of Behaviour for Young Gentlemen and Ladies, intended as a foundation for good manners and polite address in Masters and Misses."

"Do you want to hear me read something?" I asked after tea, and in response to a by no means frenzied appeal (for reading aloud is not the joy it was in my childhood) I began, after first explaining the purpose of the book.

I wish the original authors could have been present, not for their happiness, I fear, but for their amazement at the change that has come over children and parents; for I have no doubt they wrote it quite earnestly and believed in its rightness, and to hear Kenneth's comments alone would have startled them more than it would startle that modern boy if the family Aberdeen terrier should stand up and should publicly say grace in a loud voice.

The perfect child, as formed by this book, would be unbearable, and probably never existed; but we must suppose that such works had their place, and not so long ago either, although it is difficult to project the imagination to that period, certain lines of thought having so completely gone out. For example, what point is there now in such a counsel as this:

"Be not proud because you are above the vulgar, for there are others above you."

It is probable that not even the poor put the case so baldly any more, while as for what are called the middle classes (if such exist, but one can never find any one to admit belonging to them), they certainly do not agree that they owe homage to any one, whatever they may do in the presence of the titled.

The fact probably is that there is no longer any accessible aristocracy. The old nobility is in hiding, while the new increases so swiftly and apparently so capriciously that the ordinary citizen no longer accepts it with uncritical reverence as of old, but looks the gift-horse, so to speak, in the mouth. A lord is no longer, as he used to be, a lord: he is a law-lord, or a life-peer, or an ennobled

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brewer; something devilish like ourselves—we know his woof and texture.

Again, with money now able to do so much more than blood, aristocrats lose in that way too, to say nothing of their loss through blood doing as much to get money as it has sometimes had to do.

England is still largely feudal, but it no longer includes among its instructions to the young a section entitled "Of Behaviour to Superiors."

"Take off your hat when any great person passes by, though you do not know him; it is a respect due to his rank."

That is meaningless to-day, and very happily so, I think; but I would rather see it restored to the curriculum than such a disgusting counsel as the following:

"Be always pliable and obliging; for obstinacy is a fault of vulgar children."

The next section treats of "Behaviour to Equals"—who again are no longer mentioned among English people and cannot easily be found. It is an odd position to recognize neither superiors nor equals; but we can, most of us, fill it with distinction.

"Love all your equals and they will all love you."

"Always speak to them with respect, that they may treat you with respect again."

"If any of them are cross, be you civil nevertheless; his churlishness will disgrace him, while your good nature will gain you love and esteem."

The section "Of Behaviour at School" made Kenneth and Christopher, the two Westminsters, very merry:

"Behave to your teachers with humility and to your school-fellows with respect."

"Make your bow or courtesy when you enter, and walk straight to your seat."

"Never quarrel at school, for it shows idleness and bad temper."

"When the master speaks to you, rise up to hear him, and look him in the face as he speaks, with modesty and attention. Begin not to answer him before he has done speaking, then bow to him with respect and answer him with humility."

"If you have occasion to complain of a school-fellow, first speak to him softly and desire him to desist. If he will not, then rise up and wait an opportunity; and when the master's or usher's eye is upon you, bow and say softly, and in a few words, what your complaint is."

This was too much.

"Did they really ever behave like that?" Kenneth asked.

"I suppose so," I said. "This is a book that seems to have been popular, for it has gone into many editions."

Kenneth stated himself to be jiggered.

I went on:

"If you see your playfellows do anything wrong, tell them of it."

"Return a jest with another, but always with good manners."

"Never call any one by a reproachful name."

It is odd to think that anybody at any period could seriously have set down such mandates; but there they are in black and white—a kind of Sermon on the Mount by a dancing-master. It is when one reads counsels of something more than perfection—counsels of pedantic priggishness, shall we say—to natural, healthy children that one realizes how necessary compromise is to daily life and how far removed perfection is from the natural human being.

This little book may, of course, have been, even in its own day, excessively proper and inhuman; but I have seen others hardly less so. We have to remember that children, as creatures of delight, are of comparatively recent discovery. They were for many years merely the young of man, to be broken in like dogs. Not even the men of imagination knew any better. No child was, as far as I have read, thought a fit subject for introduction into a novel until Henry Brooke's "Fool of Quality," and even there, although there are the high spirits of the two school-boys, there are no infant-like tendernesses and natural gayety. A few poets had praised the young very gayly—Prior and Ambrose Philips, for example—but rather as courtiers than human beings; it was left for Blake first to see that the child was not merely the young of man, but a separate creature, filled with fugitive and exquisite charm.

To-day, of course, we are overdoing the discovery. The child is set in the midst,

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and we sit around worshiping and applauding and vying with each other in detecting and celebrating darlingnesses.

I went on to the section on "Behaviour to Parents and the Family:"

"As soon as you come into the room to your parents and relatives, bow, and stand near the door till you are told when to sit."

"Never sit down till you are desired, and then not till you have bowed and answered what was asked of you."

"When in the room with your parents and relatives, never slip out privately, for that is mean and unhandsome."

"If you have sisters or brothers, it is your duty to love them: they will love you for it, and it will be pleasing to your parents and pleasure to yourselves."

"Be ready to give them anything they like, and they will give you what you desire."

"Will they?" said Norah, with bitter sarcasm; for Norah, as I have said, is the nursery drudge.

"If you think they are cross to you, be silent and gentle; and if that does not make them kind, complain to your father, mother, and relatives."

"Never revenge yourself, for that is wicked; your relatives will always take your part, when you behave with quietness."

If the child has been allowed to become human and individual, it is no less true that the parents and relatives have lost their godhead too. At the time of this book parents could make no mistake, and every child had to be like every other child. No wonder that anthropomorphism crept in; it began with the first child—it began with Cain. Ever since then God has been merely a larger man and a father.

But as fathers, under the new régime, become more companionable (as I see them becoming every day), this old ideal must weaken, for God will smile again—or rather will begin to smile.

The contrast between the unimaginative joylessness of these counsels of perfection and the laughter with which they were received brought home to one with curious vividness the difference, not only between the children of a hundred and fifty years ago and to-day, but between the parents too. Where the old parent admonished, the modern parent jokes. A kind of light banter has become the language of fathers and children in place of the ancient minatory formality.

Next came "Behaviour at Meals:"

"Nothing shows the difference between a young gentleman and a vulgar boy so much as their behaviour in eating."

"Sit patiently till the company are helped, and you will not be forgotten."

"Do not ask till you see the company are all helped; then if it happens you have been forgot, you will be served."

"Whatever is given you, be satisfied it is good, and desire no other."

"In eating fruit, do not swallow the stones, but lay them and the stalks on one side of your plate, laying one of the leaves that came with the fruit over them."

"Mightn't they see who they were going to marry?" Winifred asked.

"Never regard what another has on his plate; it looks as if you wanted it."

"When you drink, bow to some one of the company and say Sir or Madam."

This set them all shouting.

"Chew your meat well before you swallow it; but do this decently, without making faces."

"One for you, Sam," said Winifred.

The next section took us into the street:

"When the school hours are over, go out, as you came in, quietly, softly, and decently."

"When you come near a mob, walk to the other side of the street, and never concern yourself what's the matter."

"Oh, I like that!" said Kenneth. "What about a horse down?"

"I saw a chap being run in the other day," said Christopher.

"Never whistle or sing as you walk alone; for these are marks of clownishness and folly."

My own childhood is not so very remote, but it is far enough away for vast changes to have occurred in the relations of parents and children. We were all happy and familiar enough, but there was none of the freedom of speech between young and old that is now encouraged. Dignity and age are equally out of fashion.

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We are all young to-day and almost more terrified of being out of things than of being accused of a want of humor. The last thing to go is juvenility.

Afterwards, I told the children a little about the Chinese pride in their parents and the high honor in which good sons are held in China. Not the least entertaining part of my Chinese book deals with filial piety, of which that people have Twenty-four Examples for the edification of youth. I told them about Lao-Lai-Tzŭ, of the sixth century B.C., who "at seventy was still accustomed"—"still" is good—"to divert his aged parents by dressing himself up and cutting capers before them."

Christopher at once said that they did that very often, but he had to admit that the prime object was to divert themselves.

Huang-Hsiang, another of the Twenty-four Examples, who died A.D. 122, greatly delighted their sense of the ridiculous, for he "used to fan his parents' pillow in summer to make it cool, and get into their bed in winter to take the chill off."

Other examples I kept to myself, such as Tsing-Tsan, of the fifth century B.C., who maintained that one should remain single, since, "with the possession of wife and children, the earnestness of a pious son would be likely to wane." None the less he married, but regained consistency by divorcing his wife "for serving up to his mother-in-law some badly stewed pears." This would have been beyond them; but I sent Kenneth into roars of laughter by the story of the youthful Emperor who amused himself by shooting blunted arrows at the stomach of the sleeping Regent—an indiscretion which led to a speedy succession.

There was a beautiful evening light when Naomi and I walked back: the light that always makes me sad, and I was sad, too, to think of the contrast between that noisy, happy home, so very full of life and high spirits, and my own solitary, silent rooms; yes, and Naomi's, too. There is something wrong in a civilization which makes it so easily possible for so sweetly maternal a woman never to have children of her own.

I slipped my arm through hers and we walked without speaking.

CHAPTER XX

AN UNEXPECTED CHECK LEADS TO PLANS OF TRAVEL, AND NAOMI AND I ACCEPT A RESPONSIBILITY

"I don't suppose you've heard the news," I said, as we settled down to our soup.

"Do you mean about the Traffic Bill?" said Alderley.

"Or Notts and Yorkshire?" said Lionel.

"Or the Queen of Spain?" said my sister.

"Or John's portrait of Mrs. Grundy?" said Drusilla.

"Or Mr. Bemerton's latest find?" said Naomi.

"No," I said, "none of these. You couldn't really have guessed if you had gone on all night. The news is, that I am going to take you on the Continent for a month—as many of you as want to go."

Naomi spoke first. "But, Kent," she said, "how——"

"Hush!" I said. Then I took my pocketbook out of my pocket, opened it, extracted a slip of paper, unfolded it, and laid it on the table before her. "There," I said, "is a check for £483 10s. 3d. It came to me this morning all unexpectedly, being the payment of a debt which I had long since given up hope of ever receiving. In other words, it is sheer profit, like all repaid loans.

"If we can all go to the Continent for a month on that amount," I continued, "let us do so. If not, let us go for three weeks or a fortnight. But I intend to take some of you, if not all.

"The question is," I went on, "where shall we go? We must debate the point with great care, and the majority will decide. I, I may say at once, have no preference. All I want to do is to go to the Continent for a month and pay everything, provided, of course, that some one else will carry the purse. That I could never do."

"Dollie would love it," said Drusilla. "Besides, he can talk French like a——"

"Like a French polisher," said Lionel, who has a turn for mechanical wit.

"Ah!" I said, "you lean towards France."

"Does he know Italian?" asked my stepsister.

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"We seem to be crossing the Alps," I said.

"But, my dear Kent," Naomi remarked very earnestly, "you don't really mean to spend all that money on a holiday?"

"Why not," I asked, "if it comes from a clear sky? Let us consider it manna and quails, and consume it."

"I certainly should not dream of going," Naomi replied, "unless you promised at least to halve the amount and use the other half for some other purpose—helping some of my poor people, for example."

I threw the check to Naomi. "There," I said, "put it in the bank, and when we are ready to go, give us exactly half of it, and we will stay away until it is spent or we are all tired of seeing each other at *table d'hôte*. The other half you must do with exactly as you will."

"You dear thing!" Naomi cried.

All through dinner we discussed the merits of Continental resorts.

We began with France. Lionel suggested Trouville; but his sisters would have none of it.

"Then I can't go," he said. "I couldn't possibly be away for more than a few days until the season closes. We've got several matches yet."

Drusilla also remarked that she did not want to be away for so long as a month, but would not explain why.

Alderley wanted Brixen. He had heard so much of it from a judge. No one else had heard of it at all, and he became very plaintive about money foolishly flung away on the education of the young. "Brixen," he said, "is in the Tyrol—a mountainous district of Austria."

After a short sharp passage with Drusilla he admitted to having first met the name and fame of Brixen only a fortnight ago.

My sister voted for the Juras. She had seen a picture in the Academy of a valley of wild flowers there, by MacWhirter, and she had always longed to visit them.

But against Switzerland rose the universal voice.

Norway was excluded on account of the sea voyage; Rome for its heat; Spain for ignorance of the language and (on Mrs. Wynne's account) prevalence of anarchists and bombs; the Black Forest for its want of civilized apparatus; the Tyrol for its steepnesses.

And then Naomi hit the nail on the head. "Venice," she said.

Of course.

Later in the evening Dollie Heathcote came in. He had looked round the dancing-rooms to which he had been invited, had disapproved, and, disapproving, had, with a bachelor's lofty privileges, done what he called a "guy."

"Besides," he said, not in excuse, for he admits to no errors, but in further explanation of a perfectly rational line of conduct, "there were crowds of men over—oceans."

"What do you know of Venice?" Naomi asked him.

"Venice?" he said; "I know all about Venice. It is a suburb of New York, the streets are flooded, and there is nothing to eat except for mosquitoes, and they eat you."

"Very good," I said.

"Don't encourage the ass," said Lionel.

"Very good," I said; "but now be practical."

"Oh, as for that," said Dollie, "I know nothing of Venice except that the wise are said to stay at the Lido, where there is ripping bathing and no mosquitoes, and go over to Venice when they want to. It is quite close—much closer than the Isle of Wight is to Portsmouth, and much jollier. I hate the Isle of Wight."

"Will you come with us?" I asked him. "As my guest?"

But he could not. He had arranged a series of visits for the long vacation, and he obviously wanted to pay them, or he would have accepted my invitation instantly. His duty always lies along the primrosiest path.

"Then it is you who will have to pay the bills and tip the waiters," I said to the K.C.

"Alderley loves that," said his wife.

And so it was settled: we were to go to Venice, and go very soon.

I wrote to Miss Gold to tell her of the projected journey, and she replied instantly, asking me to come down at once and to be sure to bring Naomi with me.

She received us very warmly and got to business almost instantly.

"I have been making a new will," she

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said, "and I want you to be my executors—you, Kent, and Miss Wynne. It is, I know, unusual for one to ask one who is outwardly a total stranger, as Miss Wynne may feel herself to be, to take such a post; but lying here and thinking, I seem to know you so very well, my dear, quite as well as I know many people whom I see, and I want you to humor an old sick woman who has so long been a friend of your friend Mr. Falconer.

"Besides," Miss Gold continued, "my will is not a very personal affair. There will be no grasping relations to deal with. I merely want to leave the money in trust to you two to go on with certain schemes that I should not wish at once to be interrupted just because I was no longer lying here as usual. You will be business people—that is all."

"Tell us," I said, "what some of the schemes are."

"Well," she began, "for one thing, I have a seaside home for London children—a mixture of seaside and country. It is in Sussex. I bought an old farmhouse and windmill, about a mile inland, and added to them until we can accommodate twenty children and three or four people to look after them. The farm goes on all the time, but the mill is idle. They play in that. There are very good sands there, I am told, and woods too. It seems to be an ideal spot. The children go down in twenties for ten days each from April till the middle of October—that means about four hundred children."

"But how do you choose the children?" I asked.

"Well, that is, of course, a difficulty. A Poor Law Inspector in Clerkenwell helps me. They are all Clerkenwell children. One must be local or one is lost. He tells me the best cases.

"I have good helpers in Sussex," she continued. "The farmer's wife was my father's cook. She and two or three girls do the housework. There is also a lady in charge, with some assistants. It all goes perfectly smoothly.

"That is one thing. Then there is my home of rest for horses," she added. "That might be transferred to Sussex, since this house will be sold. For another thing, I have got a paper."

"What kind of a paper?"

"Oh, a straightforward critical paper that tries to see the truth and tell it. It's rather expensive because we won't have any advertisements, but I don't mind that."

I began to see daylight. "I think I know it," I said. "Is it the Balance?"

"Yes. Do you think it is worth the money?"

"Oh, yes," I said; "quite."

"And Mr. Dabney?"

"He's all right. At any rate, you'll never get a better man."

"He really does seem to have no ax to grind," Miss Gold remarked.

"No; except the angels'," I said. "His fault or foible," I added, "is a tendency to scold; but that is, of course, a defect of a quality, and, after all, it is to a large extent mitigated by the other contributions to the paper by gentler hands. Naomi's brother writes for it," I said.

"I should want," Miss Gold said, "to leave you absolute discretion as to keeping these things on or stopping them whenever you thought best. A time comes when the usefulness of almost all charities seems to be exhausted. The difficulty, of course, is to keep one's helpers keen. The transmission of enthusiasm is the hardest of all operations.

"And then," she continued, "there would be a sum for minor needs. Every one knows of small wants—'deserving cases,' as the phrase is. Mr. Falconer has told me of two people I should like to do something for, although it is a question, as Mr. Trist says, if it is possible to help failures. I mean that poor old cataloguer at Bemerton's and the waterman at the corner. I believe that one ought to be able to think out something even for them; but I know how difficult it is, because I have tried. I have given just such a man as the waterman an overcoat, but he pawned it at once.

"And I have a great belief, rarely shaken," Miss Gold went on, "in the value of surprise gifts. I lie here longing to project five-pound notes, ten-pound notes, even twenty-pound notes (if there are such things) on to the breakfast tables of poor clerks' wives who know what a holiday is but cannot take one, and brave typists who live on tea and bread and butter, and ladies in reduced circumstances

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who retain a little vanity but have no means to gratify it."

"Oh, yes!" Naomi exclaimed, with shining eyes.

"But how can I learn about such needs, lying here as I do?" said my dear generous Agnes. "One can apply money well in that way only after making inquiries and moving much among people, observing and observing. But you two will have to do it," she added triumphantly, "because I am setting apart a sum the interest of which is solely to be used in that way."

I gasped, and Naomi looked at me and laughed.

"But tell me," Miss Gold said to Naomi, "something about your poor people."

And Naomi kept us laughing by her droll descriptions—laughing and sympathizing, too. Most of her stories unite the comic and the pathetic in perfectly equal proportions. There is an old lady in reduced circumstances in North London, for example, who lives in a large house (her own) with one small servant, and lets a few rooms. She was lately, when Naomi called on her, out of lodgers and all alone, her little servant being on a brief holiday. "But aren't you very lonely?" Naomi asked. "I am, rather," she admitted. "In fact, I don't know what I should do if it wasn't for this"—pointing to a pill-box at her side—"but I hear it moving now and then, and it seems to be company." The pill-box contained a jumping bean.

Just before we left, Naomi went into the paddock to take to the horses a bag of little carrots which she had brought on purpose.

"What a dear girl!" said Miss Gold.

"Yes," I said.

We were silent for a little while.

"She should marry," then said Miss Gold. "Some man much older than herself. What about Herbert Trist?"

Why did I feel so annoyed?

"Trist?" I said; "Trist is not likely to marry any one."

"We must bring them together," Miss Gold replied.

"I don't think that is at all necessary," I said. "I hate match-making or any kind of interference with people."

Miss Gold smiled.

"Well," she said, as Naomi returned, "good-by. I am so glad I can count on you. Now I can die more happily."

(To be continued)

COUNT TOLSTOY AND THE FIRST RUSSIAN DUMA

BY GEORGE KENNAN

IN an editorial on Count Tolstoy, published some time ago in The Outlook, Theodore Roosevelt calls particular attention to what may be described as a lack of practical common sense both in the philosophy of the great Russian author and in the debates and proceedings of the first Russian Duma. "The history of the Duma," he says, "proved in the most emphatic way that the greatest danger to liberalism in Russia sprang from the fact that the liberals were saturated with just such folly as that taught by Tolstoy. . . . His preaching is compounded of some very beautiful and lofty sentiments, with much that is utterly fantastic, and with some things that are grossly immoral. The Duma fell far short of what its friends in other lands hoped for, just because it showed these very same traits, and because it failed to develop the power for practical common-sense work. There were plenty of members who could utter the loftiest moral sentiments, . . . but there was an insufficiency of members able and willing to go to work in practical fashion."

Although this judgment needs more

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qualification, perhaps, than Mr. Roosevelt has given to it, it contains a good deal of truth. Tolstoy's teachings are, in many respects, "foolish" and "fantastic," and the record of the first Duma does show more talk than achievement. But what is the explanation of these facts? Are Tolstoy and the liberals of the first Duma natural freaks, who would have been "foolish" and "fantastic" even if they had been born and educated in the United States? Or are they the products—perhaps I should say the victims—of an environment in which the development of the qualities that they lack is virtually impossible?

Practical common sense, in the large meaning of the words, is the wisdom—the shrewd sanity of judgment—which comes from trying experiments, comparing notes with other experimenters, reasoning upon the knowledge thus acquired, and finally comparing conclusions with other reasoners. If you prevent a man from trying experiments, and restrict his social and literary intercourse so that he cannot know what others are doing and thinking, you make it almost impossible for him to acquire practical common sense, because you leave him no means of checking, testing, and correcting the results of his own mental processes. The very words "practical common sense" mean ideas that will stand the test of practice, and how is a man to know whether his reasoning is "practical" or not if he is forbidden to verify it by experiment and is not allowed even to discuss it fully and freely with his contemporaries?

During the last forty years of the nineteenth century, when Tolstoy was studying the problems of life and the liberals of the first Duma were getting their education, the trying of social, political, and literary experiments in Russia was almost wholly prevented by repressive autocratic legislation. The reforms of Alexander II had set thousands of men to thinking, but after the Governmental reaction set in and the bureaucracy took a renewed grip of affairs, no man was allowed to put his thinking into practice or to test his reasoning by experiment. Private enterprise and initiative in all fields and among all classes were systematically discouraged, until even the peasants gave expression to their consciousness of oppressive restraint in the proverb: "In Russia nothing is permitted; everything is either ordered or forbidden." Russians could not train their judgment even by studying the results of social and political experiments in other and freer countries, because mere possession of the books in which such experiments had been recorded was an offense punishable by imprisonment or exile. Neither could they test their reasoning by submitting it to the criticism of their contemporaries, because public and private meetings for the consideration of social, political, and religious questions were strictly forbidden. A man was not wholly safe even in expressing his thoughts to his guests at his own dining-table, because his servants were liable to be interrogated by the secret police. I knew a group of a dozen friends in St. Petersburg who met in a private house once a week for the purpose of discussing public affairs, and who made a regular practice of gambling, so that the servants, if questioned by the authorities, might say that the gentlemen spent their evenings in drinking, smoking, and playing cards for money—occupations which, from the Government's point of view, were perfectly harmless.

In the latter half of the nineteenth century science made discoveries and established principles that profoundly modified the trend of human thought in almost every field of social, political, and religious activity; but in Russia these discoveries and principles were far less influential than in other parts of the world, because the Government prohibited the circulation of the books in which they were set forth, and would not allow the results of biological and anthropological research to be publicly explained or discussed. The works of Darwin, Spencer, Lecky, Huxley, Lubbock, Tylor, and Lyell were all on the Russian *index librorum prohibitorum*, and in the very last decade of the century the Russian translation of a well-known American work—Professor Lester F. Ward's "Dynamic Sociology"—was not only condemned but publicly burned by order of the Council of Ministers. The result of all this bureaucratic restriction and repression was an immense amount

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of private, solitary thinking, which often became visionary and fantastic simply because, under existing conditions, it could not be discussed, criticised, or practically tried out in life.

One of the first things that I noticed, when I began to make the acquaintance of the political exiles in Siberia, was the comparatively large number of men who had education and ability, but who were lacking in practical judgment. They all had high ideals, but the methods by which they hoped to realize such ideals seemed to me hopelessly inadequate, and sometimes absolutely childish. But how could they be expected to have good judgment with regard to ways and means when they had never been allowed to try a single social or political experiment, and when they had lived all their lives in a restricted, artificial environment, where there could be no discussion of their theories and no criticism of their visionary schemes? Some of these very men afterward became members of the Duma, and, naturally, they failed at first to "develop the power for practical common-sense work." But they would ultimately have developed that power if they had had a reasonable amount of time and freedom to try experiments and observe results. The first Duma, however, was never allowed to do much more than "utter lofty moral sentiments." Whenever it attempted to move in any direction, it either tripped over a ministerial prohibition or ran against the Chinese Wall of the "Fundamental Laws" which the Czar had built around it in order to prevent it from invading the field of his autocratic power. It drew up an admirable bill for securing the inviolability of personal rights, which was certainly a thing of great practical importance, and also devised a plan intended to satisfy the almost universal demand for agrarian reform—another very practical matter—but the Council of Ministers virtually prohibited action in either of these fields by declaring that the proposed measures went beyond the limits of the Duma's competency. No doubt the members of the Duma might have shown more or less incapacity if they had been allowed to legislate; but their incapacity would have been due, not to innate "foolishness" or crankiness, but to a despotic system of restriction and repression which had always prevented them from learning how to think straight, judge aright, and "develop the power for practical common-sense work."

Much the same thing may be said of Count Tolstoy and his intellectual vagaries. He evolved his theories, just as Heine's German evolved his description of a camel, "from the depths of his moral consciousness," and if he failed to realize that many of them were fantastic and absurd, it was largely because the Government under which he lived would not allow them to be tried out in practice or weighed and tested in public discussion. If he had done his thinking in America, he could hardly have escaped the regulating and balancing force of enlightened public opinion and the modifying influence of other thinkers; but in Russia there was no properly enlightened public opinion, and most of the thinkers had either been gagged by the censor or sent to Siberia by administrative process. I am glad to have my judgment upon this point confirmed by so competent an authority as Andrew D. White, who, in his "Walks and Talks with Tolstoy," says:

"Of all distinguished men that I have ever met, Tolstoy seems to me most in need of that enlargement of view and healthful modification of opinion which come from observing men and comparing opinions in different lands and under different conditions. This need has been all the greater because in Russia there is no opportunity to discuss really important questions. Among the whole hundred and twenty millions of people there is no public body in which the discussion of large public questions is allowed; the press affords no real opportunity for discussion; indeed, it is more than doubtful whether such discussion would be allowed to any effective extent in correspondence or at one's own fireside. I remember well that during my former stay in St. Petersburg people who could talk English at their own tables generally did so, in order that they might not betray themselves to any spy who might happen to be among their servants. Still worse, no one, unless a member of the diplomatic corps, or otherwise especially privileged, is allowed to read such books or news-

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papers as he chooses, so that even this little access to the thoughts of others is denied to the very men who most need it."

It seems to me altogether probable that some of Tolstoy's fantastic theories never would have suggested themselves to him if he had been even moderately well acquainted with the facts of biology and anthropology; but when I knew him he was more ignorant of science than the average fifteen-year-old American boy. He had heard of Darwin, but he had never read "The Origin of Species," and regarded Darwinism as "a great deception." "I am told," he said, "that a Russian scientist named Danilefski has written a book which will completely demolish the Darwinian theory." Of the works of Tylor, Lubbock, and others in the field of anthropology he seemed to have no knowledge at all, and of course he ridiculed the idea of man's descent from pre-human ancestors. This ignorance of science and of scientific methods shows itself in nearly all of his philosophical speculation.

I think that Mr. Roosevelt is unjust to Tolstoy in calling any part of his teaching "grossly immoral," and in ascribing to him "certain dreadful qualities of the moral pervert." Grossly immoral teaching, in the proper meaning of the words, is teaching that tempts or incites to grossly immoral conduct; and so far as I know nothing that Tolstoy has written can fairly be so described. He sometimes speaks with offensive—even disgusting—plainness of certain kinds of sin; but his object is not to tempt or incite, but to show that the wages of sin is death. He also makes confession—and in some cases exaggerated emotional confession—of his own grossly immoral conduct; but he does so only to regret and deplore it, and to show how he came to change his outlook upon life.

I think that Mr. Roosevelt is also unjust in giving the impression that Tolstoy is deceitful and hypocritical in "profiting by the private property of his wife and children while affecting to cast it aside." The Count brought this subject up voluntarily in conversation with me, and said that he had been forced to make a choice between two evils and had chosen the one that seemed to him the lesser. It was then an open secret in Russia that all of his family did not share all of his opinions, and that in attempting to put his ideas into practice he was obliged to choose between two lines of conduct, each of which involved evil and suffering not only to himself but to others. In such circumstances he took what seemed to him the least wrong alternative, and made his practice conform to his teaching just so far as he could without bringing upon himself and upon others a greater evil than that growing out of his admitted inconsistency. In an authorized interview, published in a Russian journal, he replied to this charge of inconsistency as follows:

"People say to me, 'Well, Lef Nikolaivich, as far as preaching goes, you preach; but how about your practice?' The question is a perfectly natural one; it is always put to me; and it always shuts my mouth. 'You preach,' it is said, 'but how do you live?' I can only reply, that I do not preach—passionately as I desire to do so. I might preach through my actions, but my actions are bad. That which I say is not preaching; it is only my attempt to find out the meaning and significance of life. People often say to me, 'If you think that there is no reasonable life outside the teachings of Christ, and if you love a reasonable life, why do you not fulfill the Christian precepts?' I am guilty, and blameworthy, and contemptible, because I do not fulfill them; but, at the same time, I say—not in justification, but in explanation, of my inconsistency: Compare my previous life with the life I am now living, and you will see that I am trying to fulfill. I have not, it is true, fulfilled one eighty-thousandth part, and I am to blame for it; but it is not because I do not wish to fulfill all, but because I am unable. Teach me how to extricate myself from the meshes of temptation in which I am entangled—help me—and I will fulfill all. I wish and hope to do it even without help. Condemn me if you choose—I do that myself—but condemn me, and not the path which I am following, and which I point out to those who ask me where, in my opinion, the path is. If I know the road home, and if I go along it drunk, and staggering from side to side, does that prove that the road is

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not the right one? If it is not the right one, show me another. If I stagger and wander, come to my help, and support and guide me in the right path. Do not yourselves confuse and mislead me and then rejoice over it and cry, 'Look at him! He says he is going home, and he is floundering into the swamp!' You are not evil spirits from the swamp, you also are human beings, and you also are going home. You know that I am alone—you know that I cannot wish or intend to go into the swamp—then help me! My heart is breaking because we have all lost the road; and while I struggle with all my strength to find it and keep in it, you, instead of pitying me when I go astray, cry triumphantly, 'See! he is in the swamp with us!'"

These may be the words of an emotional man, a mistaken man, even a "foolish" man; but they do not impress me as the words of a hypocrite or a "moral pervert."

PUBLIC OPINION

BIRD PRESERVATION

In your issue of August 14, 1909, you published a letter signed by Gilbert S. Warner, of Palma Sala, Florida, entitled "Bird Refuges," in which Mr. Warner criticises the action of President Roosevelt in creating bird reservations. The criticism is that the birds that use the reservations as breeding-grounds are worthless.

From the statements made by Mr. Warner, it is very evident that he is not a naturalist in any sense of the word, nor could he ever have made a very close study of birds or their relation to the human race, and especially of their economic value. He states that "gulls, terns, cranes, pelicans, and such . . . are voracious eaters, and their diet is entirely of fish." The last statement is absolutely contrary to all scientific records so far as it relates to gulls, terns, and cranes. These three families of birds are well known to be very valuable as destroyers of insect and rodent pests. In some parts of this country their diet is almost entirely of such food. It is true that the pelican, so far as is known, lives almost entirely on fish, but the same are surface-feeding species. A well-known authority, Mr. George N. Chamberlain, of Daytona, Florida, a resident of that place for nearly thirty years, states: "I do not regard the pelican as a menace to the fishing interests. The scarcity of fish in Florida waters is almost entirely due to the continuous seining. The fish caught by pelicans are chiefly small mullet; the mullet is a surface feeder."

The statement of Mr. Chamberlain is concurred in fully by the writer, who has studied and watched the pelicans on their breeding and fishing grounds many years, and he has never yet seen a pelican catch a fish that was more than a few inches below the surface.

The scarcity of fish in Florida, if there is such a condition, is undoubtedly due to lax laws, and especially the lack of protection given during the spawning season, due to the lack of a State official charged with the duties of enforcing fish and game laws. So long as Florida employs the county system of fish and game wardens there will be no adequate protection for either its birds, game, or fish.

That part of Mr. Warner's letter in which he says "the few thousands which the plume-hunters could find a market for would never have any noticeable effect on the numbers of these birds" is so far from the truth that it is hardly conceivable how a person would be willing to make the statement seriously. So much has been written on this subject that it is unnecessary to repeat it here. The fact is that Florida at one time was the most prolific of any commonwealth in the United States in plume birds, but to-day it is almost barren of them. Had it not been for the work of the National Association of Audubon Societies and its State branches in securing reservations, pelicans, gulls, and terns, and, in fact, all plume birds, would have been exterminated, not only in Florida, but in every part of the United States.

WILLIAM DUTCHER,
President National Association of Audubon Societies.

New York City.

MAN TO BLAME

Mr. Gilbert S. Warner's letter on "Bird Refuges," which appeared in The Outlook of August 14, is very amusing to one acquainted with the facts of the case. I came to South

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Florida in 1867. The bays at that time teemed with fish and the air with birds. The latter had been preying on the former for countless ages, yet both were evidently prospering. Bears were very scarce here. Coons were plenty, as they are now. But the sea birds, like herons, cormorants, and pelicans, select a key or island surrounded by water to nest in, where bears and coons cannot molest them. Man has destroyed both fish and birds, and while the fish are becoming very scarce, the birds are even more so. Where I live, the beautiful white egret, which furnishes the plume that ladies are so fond of wearing, is seen no more, and I think is rarely seen outside of the Everglades. And that is not all: turkeys, sandhill cranes, gulls, terns, plover, curlew, and other small sea birds have become very scarce. Mankind either eats the eggs of these birds or kills the birds for food. The natural resources of Florida are nearly destroyed, and man alone is to blame.

MRS. FRANK GUPTILL.

Osprey, Florida.

ELECTIVE SYSTEM VS. GROUP SYSTEM

In his valuable article in The Outlook of August 21 President Hyde expresses an approbation of the elective system in colleges in which some of us will not concur. Some of us are of the opinion that the free elective system must be modified if scholarship, culture, and the welfare of the student body are not to suffer. I speak as a college undergraduate. I feel that the present system, which is no system whatever, is responsible for a besmattered superficiality. On matriculation, the freshman usually can have no well-defined idea regarding his college course. It is hoped, in the elective method, that he will try many things, and ultimately discover that for which he is best adapted. Now it is, no doubt, desirable that a student should be allowed to cut and try for a year or two; but too many students are cutting and trying all through their college course. Many attractive courses are offered, and our student dips in, now here, now there, the result being that his senior year finds him with no mastery whatever.

Now I know what our electivist would say to this, namely, that mastery should not be an end for the undergraduate, but rather should he seek a broad culture, a general acquaintance with the best things that a liberal education can offer. Well, let us see: What is the cultural value of a year of French, a few credits in chemistry, a course in history, a year of rhetoric, a little "trig.," a semester of Italian, and whatever else the bewildered student, running hastily through his "announcement," happens to feel a fancy for? Smattering does not produce culture, nor is culture dependent on any particular kind or on a variety of educational pabulum. One of the elements in culture is thoroughness and mastery to some degree in some field of knowledge. Now this field for undergraduates should not be narrow, but it should be composed of cognate subjects. For example, we may well correlate history, economics, sociology, government, and international law; or Greek, Latin, English, rhetoric, and philosophy; but you cannot study with any satisfactory results Latin, chemistry, history, and philosophy. No doubt, knowledge of these subjects has value, but it is a matter of experience that dabbling a little in unrelated subjects produces an incoherent mass of information that even in its effects is soon effaced from the mind. Our bits of knowledge must hang together if they are to produce effective results. I hope to see the elective system give way to the group system of required, interrelated subjects.

L. A. C.

Ann Arbor, Michigan.

A BIT OF HISTORY

The address delivered by Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie at Fort Ticonderoga on July 6, commemorating the discovery of Lake Champlain, and published in your issue of July 10, was exceedingly interesting to me.

There is a bit of additional history regarding the battle of Lake Champlain that may be of interest to your readers. As is well known, the United States was in a very straitened financial condition. It was my great-uncle John I. De Graff who made the victory on Lake Champlain possible. I quote from a letter of Commodore Macdonough written to Mr. De Graff, and still preserved in the family: "The aid I obtained through your influence and responsibility enabled me to get the fleet [on Lake Champlain] ready. When I go to Washington, which will be, I hope, soon, I shall not fail to represent to the Secretary your kindness." By his advance of money to fit out the fleet, Mr. De Graff lost $30,000 in the depreciation of United States Treasury notes; only $8,000 of which was ever paid to his heirs. He was twice Member of Congress and three times Mayor of his native city, Schenectady, and first President of the Mohawk and Hudson Railway (Albany and Schenectady, 1831). His father, Judge Isaac De Graff, served during the entire period of the War of the Revolution.

JENNY TOLL SAWYER.

Monroe, Michigan.

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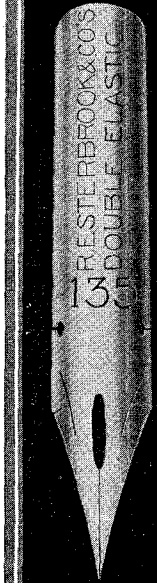

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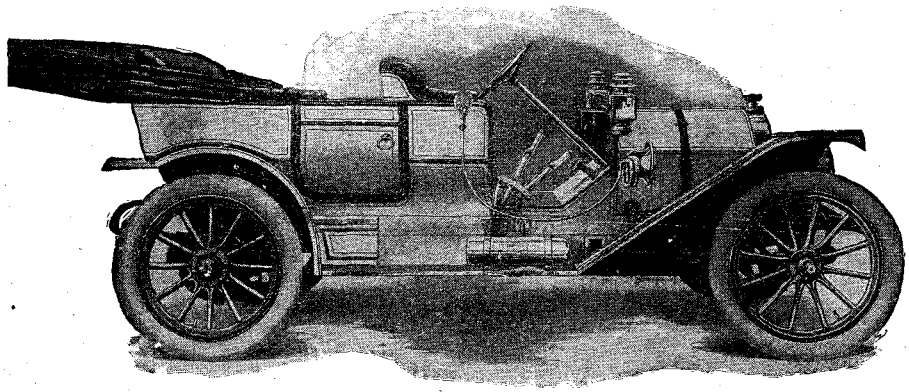

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WANTED—At once, a capable woman as Supt. of nurses in a hospital in Western Pennsylvania. 2,363, Outlook.

WANTED—Young women to take a nine months' course in training for the care of convalescents and chronic invalids. Address Supt. F. E. Parker, Mem. Home, New Brunswick, New Jersey.

MOTHER wants congenial helper to assist with care of children and household duties in exchange for comfortable home and modest recompense. One servant kept. Address 71 North Fullerton Avenue, Montclair, N. J.

Teachers and Governesses

GOVERNESSES $30-$60; housekeepers $75, school, widower's family. Dietitians $75; Librarian-secretary $1,000. The Hopkins' Educational Bureau, 507 Fifth Avenue.

TEACHERS who have failed to find right place register now. Emergency calls coming every day; fine positions for competent teachers. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

NURSERY governess. Young, refined gentlewoman to assist with care of five children, ages four to twelve. Will be treated as member of family. State qualifications and experience. Name references and salary expected. 2,344, Outlook.

WANTED—Mother's help, Protestant, age over twenty. Wages $18 month. Address Private School, 2,356, Outlook.

NURSERY governess to care for two children in Episcopal clergyman's family. English or Eastern woman desired. Address MRS. DU MOULIN, TRINITY CATHEDRAL, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

WANTED—Science teachers, men, successful university graduates; experienced commercial teachers, men. California Teachers' Agency, Stimson Block, Los Angeles.

TEACHERS—Many excellent opportunities open now. Write for literature to-day, The New Century Teachers' Bureau, 1420 Chestnut St., Phila.

FAMILIES, institutions, schools, and hotels in need of housekeepers, matrons, mother's helpers, companions, etc., address Miss Richards, 72 Waterman St., Providence, R. I.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

GRADUATE nurse desires position with patient going South or abroad. Excellent references. 2,343, Outlook.

SMITH College graduate desires to make change for satisfactory reasons. Five years' experience as instructor in English and solicitor of patronage for private school. Unusual executive ability, knowledge of business forms, some literary talent. Professional and business references of high order. 2,342, Outlook.

Business Situations

YOUNG woman with 8 years' editorial experience, critical work, revision of manuscripts, etc., wishes about Oct. 1 position with publishing house, magazine or newspaper, or position as secretary. 5,118, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED stenographer desires secretarial position, editorial assistant, proofreader, secretary charitable institution. Fluent French, German. Highest references. (Miss) S. L., 12 West 84th St.

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SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

CULTURED woman desires to manage household or assist with housework. 2,366, Outlook.

COMPANION — Refined, well-educated young girl desires position. Good sewer, willing. 39 Park Ave., Bloomfield, N. J.

WANTED — Position as companion or mother's helper. 2,365, Outlook.

A THOROUGHLY RESPONSIBLE party—man and wife—having best references for character and responsibility, would take personal charge of gentleman's city house or apartment, during his absence in Europe. Address 2,364, Outlook.

POSITION — Gentlewoman, companion, secretary, managing housekeeper, chaperon; executive ability. References. R. F. H., 17 McDonough St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

REFINED woman and daughter, experienced, wish to take entire charge of widower's home. Congenial environment considered rather than compensation. References exchanged. 2,359, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED young woman desires position as nursery governess or housekeeper. 2,358, Outlook.

POSITION wanted as companion or chaperon, to travel, by refined, capable woman. Expenses main consideration. Unexceptionable references. 2,346, Outlook.

FORMER school-teacher and mother's helper wishes position where faithful service will be appreciated. 2,354. Outlook.

EXPERIENCED New England woman desires position as housekeeper or companion. Address Box 39, Waterford, Me.

COMPETENT Southern girl, aged 25, experienced housekeeper, seeks position in refined family, city or country; can also assist with children. L. Burwell, 213 West 81st St., New York.

A Y. W. C. A. trained attendant, well educated, desires to travel with convalescing patient or invalid. Highest references given. 2,308, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

EXPERIENCED housekeeper, with references for character and ability, wishes position. 2,310, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as companion, social secretary, or manager, by a thoroughly experienced woman. Entire charge taken of social correspondence or management of household. Highest references. Address 2,295, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

COLLEGE graduate desires position to teach English; three years' experience, excellent references. R. D. I., Box 21, North Conway, N. H.

FOR a French and kindergarten assistant address 2,341, Outlook.

CIVIL engineer with teaching experience wants position in boys' preparatory school. Mathematics, elocution, and oratory. Exceptional references. 2,340, Outlook.

BY private teacher. Experienced. Highly recommended. English, French, German, Music. 2,337, Outlook.

HANOVERIAN governess with long experience desires position. Full charge. Also as companion; assist housekeeping. 2,350, Outlook.

TUTOR: Young man, Southerner, B.A. Columbia graduate student, eight years' experience, desires to tutor boy ten to fifteen years of age. 2,352, Outlook.

AN experienced kindergartner, who has also had some experience in primary teaching, desires a position as governess in a private family. Excellent references. Address A.R.D., 291 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

HARVARD man, experienced, wishes position as private or family tutor. References. 2,315, Outlook.

BRYN Mawr graduate wishes tutoring in or near Philadelphia. Highest references: Especial interest in backward or delicate children. 2,226, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

RESIDENT teacher for young or backward children. Experienced kindergartner. References. 2,313, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

WOULD like to communicate with lady going to California who would be willing to chaperon young girl of thirteen. 2369, Outlook.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 44 West 22d St., New York.

CLERGYMAN'S widow will receive and care for several children. Refers to Bishop Parker, New Hampshire. 2,335, Outlook.

CONSCIENTIOUS care given to invalid or child in quiet New England village by middle-aged refined lady. Would travel as companion or secretary. Experienced. References. Box 115, Kent, Conn.

WANTED—A thoroughly musical woman, versatile pianist, sight reader, to co-operate in well-established recreation and corrective work of high order for women and children in New York City (winters), country summers. Unusual opportunity for woman who wishes to use her talents for good of others. Address P. O. Box 43, Little Compton, Rhode Island.

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PLAYS. K. McD. Rice, Worthington, Mass.

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WANTED—Women to enter training school or to take positions as attendant nurses for mental cases. Address Supt. of Nurses, Sheppard and Enoch Pratt Hospital, Towson, Md.

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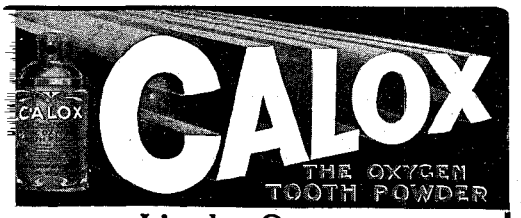

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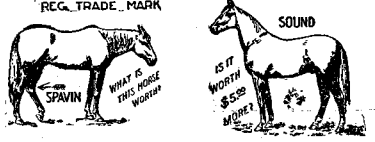

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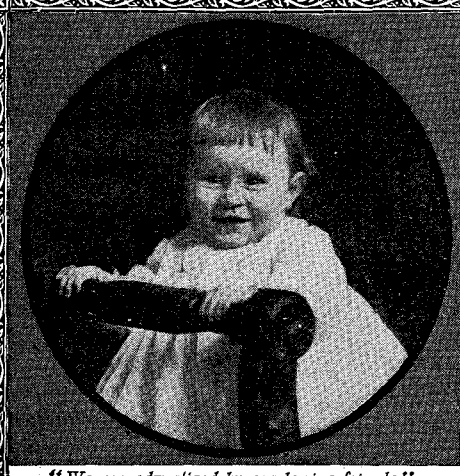

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